SUPERMAN

TRUE BRIT

KIM "HOWARD" JOHNSON AND JOHN CLEESE
JOHN BYRNE AND MARK FARMER WITH ALEX BLEYAERT

SUPERMAN
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WRITTEN BY KIM "HOWARD" JOHNSON
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SPECIAL THANKS TO JOHN HODGKINS

Cover design concept by John Byrne.

"ALTHOUGH A DEADLY CHAIN REACTION WILL DOOM KRYPTON, OUR KAL-EL WILL LIVE ON!

"I HAVE SENT HIM TO THE PLANET EARTH--

"--WHERE HE WILL HAVE POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF HIS FELLOW MEN...

"--AND AT LEAST TWO CHAT SHOWS!

"AFTER HURTLING COUNTLESS LIGHT-YEARS THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE--

"--HE WILL LAND IN THE HEART OF THE GREATEST CIVILIZATION ON EARTH--

"--THEIR MIGHTIEST, MOST ADVANCED, MOST POWERFUL NATION--

"--THE BRITISH EMPIRE!

Welcome to Weston-super-Mare
Twinned with Paris, Venice, and St. Petersburg

"THINK OF THE WONDERS OUR KAL-EL WILL EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND!

"THE SCINTILLATING DIALOGUES!"

SO I TOLD HER TO START SOAKING HER FEET, THE POOR DEAR...

"THE INSIGHTS OF THE GREAT EARTHLY MINDS!"

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT HER BURSITIS? JONATHAN?

SORRY, DEAR, BUT THERE'S A *SPACESHIP* IN OUR PASTURE.

THREE HOURS LATER:

IT'S OPEN! IT-- JONATHAN, IT'S A *BABY!*

A BABY *ALIEN?*

NO, A BABY *BABY!*

CAN WE KEEP IT?

THE ROCKET?

THE *BABY!* LOOK HOW CUTE!

ARE YOU TICKLISH? KITCHY-KITCHY--

AARGHH! OH, CRIKEY! PLEASE, NO!

JONATHAN, DON'T TEASE THE POOR DEAR.

BEST NOT TOUCH ANYTHING ELSE...

NOW YOU PUT THAT BACK!

BUT SUPPOSE I COULD READ MINDS! OR SEE THE FUTURE!

I COULD BET ON THE 3:35 AT CHEPSTOW!

WELL?

HAVE YOU GOT THE FOOTBALL ON IN THERE?

JONATHAN CLARK! I AM *TALKING* TO YOU! TAKE OFF THAT--

SO? CAN WE KEEP THE BABY?

POP!

YES, WE HAVE BEEN CHARGED BY AN ELDER OF THE PLANET KRYPTON TO BE HIS CARETAKERS.

WITHOUT PAY.

SO, NO MORE BROKEN FINGERS, eh?

OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.

DON'T YOU PAY THE OLD COOT ANY MIND.

OOOH, AREN'T YOU ADORABLE?

HE IS A GOOD 'UN. BUT MIND YOUR PINKY.

BUT-- WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBOURS THINK?

WE'LL TELL THEM HE WAS ABANDONED ON OUR DOORSTEP.

WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE THE GYPTONIAN SPACESHIP IN OUR SHED...

"YOU WILL BE A SUPER-MAN AMONG MEN...

"THEY WILL CHEER YOUR NAME WHEREVER YOU ROAM!"

BUT WHAT IF SOMEONE SEES US?

WE *DENY* EVERYTHING.

"SOAR PROUDLY, MY LITTLE KAL-EL...

"... AND EXPERIENCE ALL THE GLORY, MAJESTY, AND GREATNESS THAT EARTH HAS TO OFFER."

A FARM OUTSIDE WESTON-SUPER-MARE. YEARS LATER...

The Examiner
LOCAL HOTELIER EXPLODES

--SO THE ONE ON HER FOOT STARTED TO DRAIN DURING THE NIGHT.

COLIN CLARK! DINNER'S READY!

BY THE WAY, HE PULVERIZED THE AXLE ON THE TRACTOR. YOU'LL NEVER GET THE FIELD CLEARED THIS WEEK.

WISH I COULD THROW A HARNESS ON HIM. I HAVE TO PULL OUT THOSE STUMPS.

AND LAST NIGHT, AFTER HE THOUGHT WE WERE ASLEEP?

OXO

"HE WAS IN THE BATHROOM. *AGAIN!*"

"OUR BOY *IS* GROWING UP!"

"HE TOLD ME HE WAS *FLYING.*"

"FLYING?

"IN THE BATHROOM?"

KRAK!

YOU'D BEST HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. ***THE*** TALK. YOU KNOW.

RIGHT. NO MORE IN-HUMAN ACTIVITIES. MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT AND TALK AFTER DINNER. OR TOMORROW. OR NEXT WEEK--

JONATHAN! NOW!

OF COURSE, DEAR. NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

COLIN?

HELLO, DAD. WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

COLIN, uh--

IF THIS IS ABOUT THE BROKEN AXLE, I CAN FIX IT AT SUPER-SPEED--

NO! NO SUPERSPEED, OR SUPERDIGGING, OR SUPER-GARDENING. JUST COME IN HERE AND FLAP YOUR ARMS.

DO WHAT?

FLAP YOUR ARMS. LIKE A BIRD. THIS WAY.

GOOD.

Um-- LIKE THIS?

RIGHT. YOU CAN STOP NOW.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, DAD?

OH, YOUR MUM THOUGHT YOU COULD FL--OH, NEVER MIND.

FLY? I SURE CAN. WATCH THIS!

SEE?

KRAK!

WHOOPS!

SORRY, PA!

DOES ANYONE ELSE KNOW?
NO, I JUST STARTED.
WELL, DON'T TELL ANYONE! YOUR MUM--
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A MESS!
SORRY, MUM.
CEILING. AGAIN.
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR DINNER AND A NICE CUP OF TEA. RIGHT, JONATHAN?
Er-- RIGHT, DEAR.
LATER...
AND SUPPOSE MRS. POTTS LOOKS IN THE WINDOW?
BUT I JUST NEED PRACTICE.
IT'S NOT THAT, SON.
CAN I WARM UP YOUR TEA, COLIN?
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! I CAN DO IT MYSELF!

WATCH! THIS FIERY EYE THING IS PERFECT FOR WARMING UP TEA.

GOOD HEAVENS, COLIN!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOY?

NOT TO WORRY! A GENTLE BURST OF HEAT VISION WILL MAKE IT JUST RIGHT!

NO GOOD WILL COME OF THIS! MARK MY WORDS!

IT'S WORKING! LOOK!

COLIN CLARK, YOU STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!

LOOK OUT! IT'S BOILING OVER!!

MY TABLECLOTH! I GOT IT AT THE CHURCH JUMBLE SALE JUST LAST YEAR--IT WAS LIKE NEW...

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! MAYBE I CAN *DRY* IT WITH MY EYES!

HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH ALREADY? LOOK AT YOUR POOR MOTHER! YOU STILL THINK YOUR "POWERS" AREN'T A MENACE?

BUT PA... I ONLY NEED TO PRACTICE...

THAT'S ENOUGH, YOUNG MAN! SEE WHERE YOUR PRACTICING GOT US? YOU'D BEST GO TO YOUR ROOM!

JONATHAN...?

BOY'S GOT TO LEARN, MARTHA.

"MAYBE YOU *SHOULD* HELP HIM. A BIT OF FATHERLY GUIDANCE...?"

NOW, BEFORE WE PRACTICE, THESE GLASSES SHOULD STOP YOU HURTING ANYONE WITH YOUR FIRE-EYES THING.

HEAT VISION, DAD.

READY.

NOW DON'T LOOK AT ANYTHING COMBUSTIBLE WHEN YOU TURN IT ON.

ANYBODY ABOUT?

NOPE.

RIGHT. OKAY, GO AHEAD.

WELL?

SO FAR, SO GOO--

UH-OH!

Ummm...PA, I DON'T THINK IT'S HELPING.

DAMN. THOSE FRAMES COST ME EIGHT QUID.

COLIN--!

YES, MUM?

AIIIEEE!!

SORRY, MUM.

WHOO! THAT'S GOING T' BLISTER.

LATER...

HOVIS

VIM

IF THAT GLASS CAN WITHSTAND TEMPERATURES IN OUTER SPACE, IT CAN CONTAIN HIS HEAT RAYS...

♪ Oh, COLIN!

I THINK I'VE SOLVED YOUR HEAT PROBLEM. TRY THESE.

WIRE RIMS?

THEY FEEL FINE.

GO AHEAD, SWITCH THE HEAT ON.

TRY TO BURN THIS.

I CAN'T. THE LENSES ARE HOLDING IN THE HEAT.

SUCCESS!

I WANT TO TELL MUM AS SOON AS VISITING HOURS START.

REMEMBER, YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THEM ALL THE TIME.

WHEN I SLEEP?

WELL, NO...

HOW ABOUT WHEN I SHOWER?

WELL, NO, I SUPPOSE NOT.

WHAT IF I'M SWIM-MING?

LOOK, YOU JUST NEED THEM TO PREVENT YOUR HEAT VISION GOING OFF ACCI-DENTALLY, THAT'S ALL...

DAD? WHY AM I DIFFERENT?

WHERE DID I COME FROM?

WELL, *uh*, SON, WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN--

NO. NO. WHERE *GEOGRAPHICALLY* DID I COME FROM?

WHERE DID I COME FROM... IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS?

AND WHY IS THERE A ROCKET IN OUR GARAGE?

Uh...

HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN?

REMEMBER WHEN I STARTED SEEING *THROUGH* THINGS?

I RECKON IT'S TIME TO TELL YOU OF THE MIGHT AND MAJESTY, THE TRIUMPH AND THE TRAGEDY, OF YOUR LOST PLANET.

WANDA

CUNARD

SMALLVILLE

PLANET?!?

YOU MEAN I'M NOT FROM *SOMERSET*?

NO. THIS IS HOW YOU GOT HERE.

WHAT?

YOU CAME FROM A PLANET WITH FLYING CARS, MOVING SIDEWALKS, HUGE POINTY BUILDINGS--

HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

I SAW THE VIDEO.

VIDEO?

YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LOOK. BUT MIND THE HEAT VISION.

THIS IS WHERE I CAME FROM?

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU, MY LAD, ARE THE LAST SON OF THIS GRAND AND GLORIOUS WORLD.

IT'S IN SOME SORT OF ALIEN GIBBERISH.

BUT, HE SEEMS TO BE CALLING THIS PLACE--

"--KRYPTON!"

"I WAS BORN *HERE?*"

"APPARENTLY."

"THESE AREN'T SPECIAL EFFECTS?"

"YOUR MOTHER AND I *THINK* THIS IS ALL REAL. NO TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY."

"SO WHERE AM *I?*"

"RIGHT HERE--"

"BLIMEY! IS THAT ME? THE LITTLE BABY?

"I WAS *ADORABLE!* AND IS THAT LADY--?"

"YOUR MUM? PROBABLY. NOT BAD, *eh?*"

"MY MOTHER WAS AN *ALIEN?*

"AND THAT'S MY *FATHER--?*

"HE LOOKS SO YOUNG!!

"THERE'S THE ROCKET THAT BROUGHT ME TO SOMERSET!

"BUT WHY IS EVERYTHING SHAKING--?!"

"EARTHQUAKE. A BIG ONE, TOO."

"AND THAT'S WHERE IT ENDS--?!"

"ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHERE IT *STARTED!*"

"THE ONLY OTHER WORD WE COULD DECIPHER WAS--WE *THINK*--YOUR NAME. COLIN.

"AND AS FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED, YOU'RE PLAIN OLD COLIN CLARK FROM EARTH."

Uh-oh, DAD. PROBLEM.

NOT THE HEAT VISION AGAIN!

CURSED *PUBERTY...!*

AND SO, COLIN CLARK GROWS UP BRITISH. QUIETLY. RESPECTABLY. AND WITHOUT CAUSING EMBARRASSMENT.

SUPPRESSING EVERY TEMPTATION TO USE HIS NATURAL-BORN ABILITIES.

NO SUPER-FLYING.

NO SUPER-SPEED.

NO SUPER X-RAY VISION.

GIRL

NO SUPER-DANCING.

NO SUPER-CHARTERED ACCOUNTANCY.

2+2=5

NO SUPER-RADIOACTIVE SPIDERS.

AND, MOST OF ALL, NO SUPER-HEAT VISION.

PETRO

UNTIL, FINALLY ONE DAY...

DAD, I COULD RIP UP THESE STUMPS WITH MY BARE HANDS--

OH, NO. YOU GET STARTED WITH COMET, AND I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE.

SORRY. I WANTED TO DO IT MYSELF, BUT DAD WOULDN'T LET ME.

NO LUCK? ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME HELP.

FORTY-THREE UNFORTUNATE SECONDS LATER...

COLIN!

DAD! WHOA-OH!

COLIN!

WHOOOSH

SORRY, DAD... JUST WANTED TO SEE A HORSEFL--

DON'T SAY IT, COLIN!

ONE VETERINARY AMBULANCE VISIT LATER...

I WONDER WHAT COULD CAUSE THAT KIND OF SHOCK IN A HORSE?

UH, YEAH... WELL, I'M GLAD HE'LL BE OKAY.

Praline's Veterinary Rescue

WELL! WOULD ANYONE LIKE A NICE CUPPA TEA?

MAYBE LATER, MARTHA. WE STILL HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO.

I FEEL REALLY BAD FOR POOR COMET.

I KNOW, SON.

I COULD PULL EVERY STUMP OUT OF THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!

COLIN, YOU KNOW HOW YOUR MOTHER AND I *FEEL* ABOUT THAT--

BUT NOBODY'S GOING TO SEE, AND IT'S ALMOST DARK--

YOU SAW WHAT JUST HAPPENED.

NO ONE'S GOING TO SEE ME, DAD, NOT EVEN YOU! YOU COULD GO BACK TO THE HOUSE, HAVE A NICE CUPPA TEA!

TRUST ME. COME ON, JUST THIS ONCE!

ALL RIGHT. JUST DON'T LET THE NEIGHBOURS SEE!

GREAT! THANK YOU!

NOW WAIT UNTIL IT'S DARK--

I WILL! THANK YOU!

HE'S STRONGER EVERY DAY, AND HE'S SO CARELESS.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TEACH HIM TO CONTROL HIS--ABILITIES --A BIT.

BETTER LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE.

IF HE DOESN'T USE THEM, MAYBE HE'LL LOSE THEM. YOU KNOW HOW THAT GOES.

I MADE SOME NICE TREACLE TARTS THIS MORNING. WOULD YOU--?

WHAT WAS THAT?!

THAT WAS A BIT CLOSE, *THAT'S* WHAT *THAT* WAS!

CRASH!

CRUNCH!

THUD!

WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT SLEEPING LOGS, MARTHA?

Hmmm... TWO--

NO... TREE STUMPS.

HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!

LOOK AT ME! I'M A FARMER!!

FARMING'S EASY!!

STOP, COLIN! STOP!!

NEXT MORNING...

WE SHOULD HAVE HELPED HIM LEARN TO *CONTROL* HIMSELF, LIKE A *TRUE BRIT.*

WHAT IF NO ONE *THINKS* HE'S A CLARK? AFTER ALL, IF A TREE FALLS IN THE FOREST--

--THEN COLIN'S PROBABLY *PULLING* THEM OUT BY THE ROOTS!

THE LAD NEEDS A BIT MORE RESPONSIBILITY. WE'VE NEVER FOUND HIM ANY SUITABLE CHORES.

MOOOOOOO!

THAT'S BECAUSE HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH!

SUPPOSING WE LET HIM MILK THE COWS?

MOOOOOOOOOO!

WHAT?

NICE JOB FOR HIM FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, BUILDS CHARACTER. CAN'T DO ANY HARM, NOW, *eh?*

WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN? HAVEN'T YOU *HEARD* A WORD I'VE--

JONATHAN, WHERE'S COLIN?

Um... ACTUALLY, I ALREADY SENT HIM OUT TO MILK THE COWS.

BY HAND?!?

MOOOOOO?!

"*Hmmm...* POINT TAKEN, DEAR..."

I'M READY, MUM.

LOOK AT YOU, ALL GROWN UP, READY TO LEAVE FOR UNIVERSITY. COME SIT A MOMENT.

ALWAYS WEAR CLEAN UNDERWEAR IN CASE I'M IN AN ACCIDENT?

NOT THAT!

UH... ABOUT MY SPECIAL POWERS?

NOW, COLIN, YOU KNOW WHAT WE'VE TOLD YOU.

YES, DEAR. NO ONE MUST EVER SEE YOU USING THEM. PEOPLE HATE WHAT THEY FEAR.

THEY DESPISE WHAT THEY DON'T LIKE. NO...

THEY DON'T ***UNDERSTAND*** WHAT THEY BELIEVE--WELL, THEY MIGHT THINK YOU'RE A ***MUTANT!***

WHAT?

OR AN ELEPHANT MAN.

BEG YOUR PARDON?

OR WORSE... THEIR ***SUPERIOR,*** GIFTED WITH POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MAN.

FOLKS 'ROUND THESE PARTS DON'T CARE MUCH FOR THAT. ESPECIALLY THE PRESS...

THEN I'LL TELL THEM I'M NOT A MUTANT! I'LL TELL THEM I'M COLIN CLARK...

...FROM THE PLANET KRYPTON.

Hmm... WELL, I SUPPOSE--

:tsk:

THAT'S NOT GOING TO REFLECT VERY WELL ON YOUR FATHER AND ME.

THEY MAY THINK WE'RE ALIENS, TOO, THE VANGUARD OF A VAST ALIEN ARMADA OUT TO UNDERMINE ALL EARTHLY CIVILISATION.

THEN WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DO WHAT WE'VE TAUGHT YOU ALL ALONG, SON. NO ONE MUST *SEE* YOU USING THESE POWERS.

WE'RE A HUMBLE FAMILY, US CLARKS.

HIDE THESE POWERS AWAY! ANY-TIME YOU'RE TEMPTED TO SHOW OFF, JUST SAY TO YOURSELF, "W.W.T.N.T.?"

AW, BUT, MUM--

YOU HAVE BEEN *CURSED!*

"*WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBOURS THINK*"? OUR FAMILY MOTTO FOR GENERATIONS. THE WORDS *ALL* OF ENGLAND LIVES BY.

YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT. DO YOUR DUTY TO YOUR COUNTRY, BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER--

ALL RIGHT. I'LL KEEP MY POWERS SECRET AT UNIVERSITY.

AND I PACKED YOU THAT BOOK ON SELF-HYPNOSIS TO HELP--YOU KNOW. WORTH A TRY.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE.

REMEMBER WHAT YOU WANTED TO BE WHEN YOU GREW UP?

A BICYCLE-REPAIR MAN?

NO! YOU WANTED TO BE A POSTMAN!

NOT SINCE I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD!

NO, SINCE I CAN'T USE ANY OF MY OTHER TALENTS ... I WANT TO BE A *JOURNALIST!*

YOU KNOW, PEOPLE *RESPECT* A POSTMAN.

I DON'T *CARE* ABOUT RESPECT! I'D RATHER BE A *REPORTER*, MUM!

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL PROBABLY MEET ONE OF THOSE GIRLS THEY PUT ON PAGE THREE...

DAD, I'M NOT GOING TO WORK FOR ONE OF THOSE *TABLOIDS!* I'M SHOOTING FOR THE *GOOD* ONES!

THE PAPERS THAT FIGHT FOR THE TRUTH, FOR WHAT'S IMPORTANT.

EVEN *WITHOUT* USING MY NATURAL-BORN ABILITIES, MAYBE I CAN STILL MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE!

SO, YOU'RE NOT PLANING TO WORK FOR A *BRITISH* NEWSPAPER?

"NEVER MIND YOUR FATHER. I THINK THAT'S SPLENDID. I HOPE YOU ENJOY UNIVERSITY LIFE!"

CLARK, *eh?* YOU CAN HAVE THE MIDDLE BUNK.

YOU'RE FROM WESTON-SUPER-MARE? YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE, I BET.

YES, WE'VE GOT INDOOR PLUMBING AND EVERYTHING!

AND SO, COLIN BEGINS UNIVERSITY LIFE...

YOU WILL BE WRITING *THREE* ARTICLES PER *DAY*, SO I SUGGEST YOU INVEST IN A GOOD WORD PROCESSOR...

NEVER FORGETTING THE HYPNOSIS THAT SUPPRESSES HIS POWERS...

YOU ARE GETTING SUPER-SLEEPY...

...YOUR EYES ARE GETTING SUPER-HEAVY...

COLIN BLENDS INTO UNIVERSITY LIFE...

IF YOU COULD SQUEEZE CARBON HARD ENOUGH, APPLYING ENOUGH PRESSURE, IT WOULD FORM A DIAMOND.

WILL THAT BE ON THE FINAL?

SO THAT EVEN OCCASIONAL LAPSES...

COLIN! YOUR TURN!

WHAT?

UH, RIGHT...

YOU'LL NEVER HIT THE MARK WITH HER. STICK TO DARTS.

OOPS!

OH, DEAR... MUST BE A DEFECTIVE... BOARD!

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS? YOU OUGHT TO, YOU'RE GOING TO BE A REPORTER!

SHE DOES LOOK FAMILIAR.

THAT'S LOUISA LAYNE-FERRET. VERY NASTY. A COLD FISH.

SHE'S IN MY REPORTING CLASS. FUNNY, SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A FISH.

MAYBE A SHARK. OR A PIRANHA. FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF, THEN.

EXCUSE ME, SORRY TO BOTHER YOU--

SOD OFF!

Uh, AREN'T WE BOTH IN PROF. CHAPMAN'S REPORTING CLASS?

IF YOU WERE A GOOD REPORTER, YOU'D KNOW.

AND IF YOU WERE A GOOD REPORTER, YOU WOULDN'T BE IN PROF. CHAPMAN'S CLASS. YOU'D BE WORKING IN LONDON.

LOOK OUT! IF *YOU* WERE IN PROF. CHAPMAN'S CLASS RIGHT NOW, YOU *WOULDN'T* BE SPILLING A DRINK ON ME!

OH, SORRY! I DIDN'T--I MEAN, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

LET'S GET GOING, SALLY.

SORRY! SEND ME THE CLEANING BILL!

AND I *WILL* BE WORKING IN LONDON SOON ENOUGH!

WHO'S THAT?

COLIN CLARK. FARM BOY, WANTS TO BE A FEARLESS STAR REPORTER FOR THE TIMES. NO COMPETITION.

THOUGH HE *IS* RATHER CUTE.

I HADN'T NOTICED...

FANCY A BIT OF CRICKET, CLARK? WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE PITCH!

I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE YOU USING YOUR POWERS!

WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBOURS THINK?

WELL?

THEY WOULD THINK IT WAS A VERY RESPECTABLE, BRITISH THING TO DO.

HOWZAT?

SURE, LET'S GO.

I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE IT EASY.

LATER...

YOU KNOW ALL THE GOOD JOURNALISTS CAN DO--

--ROOTING OUT CORRUPTION, SHINING THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF TRUTH, ET CETERA, ET CETERA.

AND, *IF* YOU BREAK INTO *FLEET STREET*, DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE MONEY AND POWER.

YOU MAY NEED TO SET LIMITS OF HOW FAR YOU'RE WILLING TO *COMPROMISE* YOUR *INTEGRITY*, BUT A LITTLE FLEXIBILITY NEVER HURT ANYONE, *eh?*

LOOK AT HER! PRETENDING NOT TO NOTICE ME! *HA!*

Dear Mum and Dad, I still can't believe it's almost graduation. The years have really flown by.

I haven't had the urge to use my -- you-know-what's -- in years now.

actually, I've forgotten what I used to be able to do. Silly, wasn't it?

BY EL MYSTICO

Louisa had lunch with me last week.

Well, she sat at a different table, but --

I really think she's warming up to me.

I've started sending out job applications...

...but there's going to be some hot competition for the best jobs.

Next week, we're going to a lecture by Peregrine Whyte-Badger, the famous publisher, on "Morals and Ethics for Tabloid Journalists."

Then, we have exams, and we're finished!

I imagine... if I'd become a postman, I'd be delivering this letter to you instead of writing it.

Got to run. It's our final cricket match of the year!

STEADY...

JUST REMEMBER...

HOLD BACK...

DON'T...

BE NERVOUS...

UH-OH!

HEY!!

WHAT WAS I THINKING?

THINKING...
THINKING...
THINKING...

THE LONG-SUPPRESSED MEMORIES ERUPT...

KRYPTON...
COMET...SUPER-MILKING...

...SUPER-STRENGTH.

oops.

CRIKEY!

THAT SMARTS!

NICE ONE, CLARK! WE LOSE BY FORFEIT!

B-BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT--

YOU HAD TO SHOW OFF AND COST US THE WHOLE MATCH! THAT'S NOT CRICKET!

IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH...

WE LOSE THE BIGGEST MATCH OF THE YEAR, AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, I IMPALE A BLOKE!

:choke:

MUM AND DAD WERE RIGHT!

I'M OSTRACISED BY MY PEERS! I'M A SOCIAL PARIAH! COULD MY WEEK GET ANY WORSE?

PEOPLE ASK ME, "MR. WHYTE-BADGER, HOW CAN YOU PRINT SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS IN YOUR PAPERS?" AND I SAY, "IT SELLS, DOESN'T IT?"

YES, IT COULD...

I'M BRIAN

NO I'M BRIAN

THAT'S WHY WE CAN OFFER JOBS TO FUTURE JOURNALISTS--KNOW WHAT I MEAN? LIFE IS FULL OF SEX AND VIOLENCE.

LOOK AT YOUR OWN SCHOOL NEWSPAPER. "YOUNG MAN GETS IMPALED BY A CRICKET BAT." BLOODY 'ELL, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO COVER A STORY LIKE THAT!

FORD BUDGIE

MPALED

RICKET BAT

AND HOW DOES THE STUDENT REPORTER HERE WRITE ABOUT IT, THIS COLIN CLARK?

"...HE SUFFERED SERIOUS INTERNAL INJURIES WHEN THE BAT SLIPPED.

"DOCTORS DECIDED *AGAINST* REMOVING THE OBJECT, AND THE SUBJECT IS CURRENTLY RECUPERATING..."

NO BLOOD GUSHING TWENTY FEET HIGH, NO GUTS HANGING OUT! YOU CALL *THAT* JOURNALISM?!

AND, MR. CLARK IS THE ONE WHO FLUNG THE BAT IN THE *FIRST* PLACE!

WHAT A GREAT FIRST-PERSON PIECE-- WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO ACTUALLY *IMPALE* SOMEONE!

A GOOD REPORTER USES *EVERY* ADVANTAGE, CLARK! A GOOD REPORTER *TAKES* ADVANTAGE!

HOW COULD YOU WASTE AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS?!?

AFTERWARD...

HEY, KILLER!

WHO, ME?

MR. WHYTE-BADGER WANTS YOU. HE WANTS A PROTÉGÉ TO MOLD IN HIS OWN IMAGE.

WOW...

I GUESS I'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A WEEDY, FARM-BOY YOKEL.

A CRICKET BAT?

HAD THE CHANCE TO DECAPITATE MY TENNIS PARTNER LAST MONTH BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS...

WHY DON'T YOU CALL ME?

GOSH-- SURE!

LONDON.

57

JIMMY LOST THE PHOTO? OH, MY...

HEY, COLIN, IF YOU DON'T CUT ANOTHER COUPLE OF INCHES OUT OF THAT BRUCE WILLIS PIECE, THEN MIKE WILL.

THANKS, ERIC. WHEN DOES J.T. WANT CAMERON DIAZ?

ANY TIME HE CAN GET HER! HAW!

MY TERMINAL'S LOCKED UP!

OH, NO!

MORGAN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M FINE. I JUST--I DROPPED MY PEN AND IT ROLLED BEHIND THE FILES.

IS THAT ALL?

MY WIFE GOT IT FOR MY BIRTHDAY, AND SHE'LL KILL ME IF I LOSE IT.

WELL, UNLESS SHE CAN LIFT AN 800-POUND FILE CABINET, SHE'LL HAVE TO GET OVER IT.

HMMM...

I CAN USE MY SUPER ABILITIES TO *HELP* OTHERS --AS LONG AS THEY DON'T KNOW I'M DOING IT.

I *KNEW* I WAS GIVEN THESE GREAT POWERS FOR A REASON!

IS *THIS* WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

COLIN! HOW DID YOU FIND IT? *THANKS!*

JUST A MATTER OF KEEPING ONE'S EYES OPEN.

THIS IS MY PLEDGE: TO BE HELPFUL, COURTEOUS AND NICE!

COLIN! YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS HERE FOR YOUR LUNCH DATE!

THANKS, HARRY.

ACTUALLY, LOUISA *ISN'T* MY GIRLFRIEND, AND IT ISN'T *REALLY* A DATE, BUT IT'S NICE OF YOU TO THINK THAT SHE *MIGHT* DATE ME.

Huh?

NOBODY WOULD BLAME ME FOR USING MY SUPER-SPEED TO GET READY FOR LUNCH WITH A *GREAT GIRL* LIKE LOUISA.

WAIT 'TIL SHE GETS A LOAD OF ME!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN WHYTE-BADGER AT ALL?

WELL, HE LOOKED IN MY DIRECTION--I THINK--WHEN HE WALKED THROUGH THE NEWSROOM LAST WEEK!

BURKE AND HARE

MENU

BURKE AND HARE

IF HE DOESN'T EVEN *REMEMBER* YOU, YOU'LL *NEVER GET ANYWHERE.*

YOU BLOW THIS OPPORTUNITY, AND YOU'LL END UP STRINGING FOR A LOUSY *AMERICAN* PAPER!

I THOUGHT YOU *LIKED* THE DAILY PLANET.

IT'S NOT LIKE BEING WHYTE-BADGER'S HANDPICKED GOLDEN BOY..OR *GIRL!*

I'D LOVE TO BE IN YOUR SHOES! THAT REMINDS ME--

I'M *TRYING!* I *GAVE* YOUR CLIPS TO HUMAN RESOURCES, AND THEY *SAID* THEY'D GET BACK TO YOU!

SO WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?

HUMAN INTEREST.

YOU MEAN CELEBRITY *FLUFF?*

NOW JUST BECAUSE I'M REPORTING ON CELEBRITIES DOESN'T MEAN IT ISN'T REAL NEWS! I--WAIT! ISN'T THAT KATE THOMPSON?

WHAT? COLIN, I DON'T--

OVER THERE!

HOW CAN YOU TELL? *WHOEVER* THAT IS, MUST BE A QUARTER OF A MILE OFF--!

LOUISA, I HAVE TO RUN. IT'S A PHOTO OP!

COLIN!

WE HAVEN'T EVEN EATEN YET.

I'M SORRY, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY--A *TABLOID* EMERGENCY!

THEN DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME AGAIN, COLIN!

COLIN!

WHAT ABOUT THE CHEQUE?

I *HATED* TO DO THAT-- BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN KATE THOMPSON ALL WEEK!

THANK GOODNESS FOR MY SUPER-POWERS!

SPAM

Ah-*HA*! I DON'T THINK SHE'S ***SUPPOSED*** TO BE THERE...

267

WELL, WELL! I DON'T THINK HER ***FIANCE***, ACTOR GARY SCOTT, WILL APPROVE OF THIS!

I DON'T NEED TO BE GOOD WITH A CAMERA BECAUSE MY POWERS GIVE ME AN EDGE!

THIS OUGHT TO MAKE MR. WHYTE-BADGER ***NOTICE*** ME!

WELL DONE, CLARK!

YOU BROKE THEM UP, ALL RIGHT!

DAILY SMEAR

ACTRESS CAUGHT WITH 'FRIEND' WHILE FIANCE IS AW

JUST A BIT OF LUCK, KEEPING MY EYES OPEN!

SKA-REECH!

CRUNCH

WHAT TH--?

THE CAR'S CRASHED THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE PARKING STRUCTURE ACROSS THE STREET!

NOT JUST *ANY* CAR!

IT'S ***DIRK McQUICKLY*** AND ***RON NASTY*** OF THE FABULOUS ***RUTLES***-- THEY WERE PROBABLY BEING CHASED BY PAPARAZZI!

GOOD IDEA, COL! GRAB A CAMERA! SOMEBODY START INTERVIEWING WITNESSES!

THEY CAN'T MOVE--IF THEY TRY TO GET OUT OF THE CAR, IT'LL CRASH!

THEY COULD FALL AT ANY MOMENT!

OMIGOSH! IT'S DIRK AND RON!

CALL THE OBIT DEPARTMENT!

I KNOW I COULD SAVE THEM--BUT I GAVE MY WORD TO MUM AND DAD! IF ONLY THEY'D LET ME--!

DO WE LOVE THEM OR HATE THEM--COLIN?

FUNNY, HE WAS HERE--

"--JUST A MOMENT AGO."

COLIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MA... PA! HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEWS?

I HAVE TO SAVE THEM!

I SHOULD SAY NOT!

W.W.T.N.T.?

BUT THEY'LL DIE FOR SURE! PLEASE--!

NO ONE CAN KNOW COLIN CLARK HAS ULTRA-ABILITIES!!

IT'S CRUMBLING AWAY! THE CAR IS STARTING TO FALL!

LIVE

LOOK...

...IF YOU CAN SAVE THEM WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING YOU USE YOUR POWERS--!

THANKS, PA... MA!

FWOOOSH

BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT--

OH, DEAR ...THERE IT GOES...!

LIVE

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING! A MAN IN A CAPE AND RATHER GARISH TIGHTS HAS JUST CAUGHT IT!

RUT 1

GENTLE AS A BABE IN ARMS! THAT SHOULD EARN HIM SOME RUTLES AUTOGRAPHS!

SUPER!

SUPER!

MR AND MRS BRIAN NORRI
CAR PARK

WHAT AN ABSOLUTELY SUPER MAN! WELL DONE, SUPERMAN! JOLLY GOOD!

RUT·1

WILL YOU TELL US WHO YOU ARE?
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
ARE YOU AMERICAN?
ARE YOU MARRIED?
ARE YOU SEEING ANYONE?
WHO DOES YOUR HAIR?
WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR?
ARE YOU SUPERMAN?
WHAT?
BBC
THAT'S WHAT THE "S" STANDS FOR, ISN'T IT?
OH--RIGHT. SUPERMAN...
SORRY, FOLKS! AS MUCH AS I RESPECT THE PRESS, I'M JUST NOT READY TO GIVE ANY INTERVIEWS YET.
LIVE
WHAT IF SOMEONE RECOGNIZES OUR COLIN?
I THINK OUR BOY'S FOUND HIMSELF A *LOOPHOLE.*
THEY WON'T BE LOOKING AT COLIN CLARK. THEY'RE WATCHING *SUPERMAN.*
AND THAT *GET-UP!*
AT LEAST HE'S SHOWING US HE'S WEARING CLEAN UNDERWEAR...!
LIVE

GET ME THIS SUPERMAN ON THE PHONE!

THEN FIND ME SOMEONE WHO *CAN*, OR YOU'RE FIRED!

OFFER HIM £10,000--MAKE THAT £5,000--FOR AN EXCLUSIVE FIRST INTERVIEW.

PAGE ONE ON EVERY PAPER I OWN! ALL 400 OF THEM!

"OUR MR. SUPERMAN IS GOING TO MAKE US A LOT OF MONEY!"

CAN'T BE NERVOUS--I HAVE TO PROVE JAMES BARTHOLOMEW-OLSEN IS A BETTER PHOTOGRAPHER THAN COLIN CLARK!

GLAD I SAW THAT MOUNTAINEERING DOCUMENTARY WITH SIR GEORGE HEAD ON BBC-2.

MR. WHYTE-BADGER WILL LOVE ME IF I CAN GET SOME CANDID SHOTS OF ELIZABETH TURLEY!

OH, BOY! HERE COMES THE MONEY SHOT!

SNAP!

WHAT WAS THAT?

GOOD HEAVENS! WHO ARE YOU?

Uh, I'M JUST A NEWS PHOTOG-RAPHER, MISS TURLEY.

BUT WE'RE THIRTY STORIES UP! THAT'S VERY DANGER-OUS!

I'M SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT IT WOULD BE EVER-SO-NICE IF YOU COULD POSSIBLY ARRANGE TO DROP YOUR TOWEL...!

I'LL BET LOUISA WOULD THINK SUPERMAN IS--

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

WHAT THE--? OH. JUST ANOTHER TABLOID PHOTOGRAPHER.

HANG ON--! THAT'S JIMMY!

JIMMY SURE KNOWS HOW TO DRAW A CROWD!

SUPERMAN! UH--JUST TRYING A FEW ARTSY SHOTS...!

WOW! FANCY A CUP OF TEA? A SCOTCH? WARM MILK?

YOU'RE EVEN BETTER-LOOKING THAN ON THE *TELLY!*

I REALLY CAN'T STAY, MISS TURLEY. JIMMY?

I SAY, WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING AN ARM AROUND HIM?

I HAVE TO GET THOSE GREAT LEGS INTO THIS SHOT--

THANK YOU!

I THINK HE MEANT ME...

MIND THE GAP--

CLICK CLICK CLICK

OH-- GREAT!

BEG PARDON--I THINK HE NEEDS A SPOT OF RESCUING AGAIN.

I'M SUPPOSED TO HOLD ON FOREVER?!

SHORTLY AFTER A SPOT OF RESCUING...

WELCOME TO MY OFFICE...CLARK AND BARTHOLOMEW-OLSEN, RIGHT?

YES SIR, MR. WHYTE-BADGER!

ONE WHITE CAT SHORT OF A JAMES BOND VILLAIN...

R-RIGHT, CHIEF!

RIGHT. WELL, I AM IMPRESSED, GENTLE-MEN. AND THAT'S WHY I'M PUTTING THE TWO OF YOU IN CHARGE OF OUR SUPERMAN COVERAGE.

YES, YOU HEARD ME CORRECTLY.

WE'RE GONNA OWN SUPER-MAN!

LET'S START WITH HIS RELATION-SHIP WITH ELIZABETH TURLEY.

BUT HE DOESN'T *HAVE* A RELATION-SHIP WITH ELIZABETH TURLEY!

HE DOES, NOW!

DAILY SMEAR

TURLEY: MY SECRET LIFE WITH SUPERMAN

B-BUT-- THAT'S NOT *TRUE*... I'LL CHECK IT.

THIS STORY IS TOO GOOD TO CHECK!

ISN'T THAT DISHONEST?

ISN'T HE CUTE? THAT IS SO ADORABLE!

I AM GOING TO TEACH YOU ABOUT *REAL* JOURNALISM!

WE ARE GOING TO *BUILD UP* THIS SO-CALLED "SUPERMAN." HE'LL BE THE *BIGGEST THING* SINCE *THE RUTLES!*

THEN--WHEN HE CAN'T GET *ANY* BIGGER--WE START *TEARING HIM DOWN* AGAIN!

AND WHEN HE BOTTOMS OUT, WE *REDEEM* HIM AGAIN!

YOU MEAN...

...IT'S ABOUT SELLING NEWSPAPERS ...NO MATTER *WHAT* THE *REAL* STORY IS?

CLARK! KEVIN--

COLIN.

COLIN. IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT MONEY.

IT'S ALSO ABOUT *POWER.*

AND DON'T FORGET TO SIGN THOSE CONTRACTS ON YOUR DESKS! THEY GIVE ME CONTROLLING INTEREST IN YOUR IMMORTAL SOULS.

UH...

JOKE!

I'M STILL NOT VERY GOOD AT PUNS AND INNUENDO ...OTHERWISE, MY WRITING'S IMPROVING.

BUT *ALL* YOU WRITE ABOUT IS SUPERMAN! ISN'T THAT A *DEMOTION?*

NO! I TRUST MY BOSS.

COLIN, DON'T TRUST WHYTE-BADGER, NOT FOR ONE MINUTE.

MY AMERICAN COUSIN, LOIS, IS A REPORTER, AND SHE SAID--

EXCUSE ME?

YOU *ARE* COLIN CLARK, AREN'T YOU? THE NEWS-PAPER WRITER?

YES--

I'M KATE THOMPSON, THE ACTRESS YOU *SMEARED.*

THAT *WASN'T* MY BOYFRIEND! I WAS REHEARSING WITH MY *CO-STAR!*

GOSH, I'M SOR--

YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY *LAWYERS!*

YOU DIDN'T *CHECK* THE *FACTS?*

IT'S AGAINST WHYTE-BADGER *POLICY.*

HOW CAN YOU STAND TO WORK FOR HIM?

I HAVE TO. I'M A JOURNALIST AND HE OWNS EVERY NEWS-PAPER!

THANKS FOR ANOTHER **DELIGHTFUL** LUNCH. LET'S DO THIS AGAIN IN 40 YEARS.

B-BUT LOUISA--! DON'T YOU WANT A COFFEE? ESPRESSO? AN AFTER DINNER APERITIF--?

ABSOLUTELY INFURIATING, THAT CLARK CREEP! I WONDER--?

SUPERMAN?

LOUISA? I MEAN-- UH--

YOU LOOK SO MUCH **SMALLER** IN REAL LIFE!

YOU KNOW, I DON'T GIVE MY PHONE NUMBER OUT TO JUST ANY-BODY--!

ALL RIGHT, THEN--

SORRY--NO POCKETS!

--BUT **THIS** IS WHAT **YOU'RE** MISSING OUT ON!

UH--UMM--MMMMMM!

MR. WHYTE-BADGER IS THE TOP JOURNALIST IN BRITAIN.

BUT WHAT IF I CAN'T TRUST HIM?

MAYBE I'D BETTER TALK TO MUM AND DAD.

EMPTY?!

BUT WHY? HOW? WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?

DID SOMEONE FIND OUT ABOUT THEIR CONNECTION TO SUPERMAN?

WELL, THEY PICKED THE ***WRONG*** VICTIMS!

IT'S TIME TO ENLIST SOMEONE ***ELSE*** IN THE SEARCH--SOMEONE LIKE ***SUPERMAN!***

I'LL FIND THEM IF I HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN THE BRITISH ISLES AT SUPER-SPEED.

THEY'RE ***COUNTING*** ON ME!

AND SO, SUPERMAN RACED ACROSS BRITAIN, FROM THE BEACHES OF BRIGHTON--

THEIR NAMES ARE JONATHAN AND MARTHA...

--TO THE HILLS OF WALES!

...ABOUT THIS TALL...

FROM THE MOORS OF SCOTLAND--

...MAKES A ***LOVELY*** YORKSHIRE PUDDING...

--TO THE PUBS OF IRELAND!

...COULD KNOCK YOU DOWN WITH ONE HAND BEHIND HER BACK...

AND FROM THE DOCKS OF LIVERPOOL--

...SO I WAS AN ONLY CHILD...

--TO THE CLUBS OF LONDON!

...WHEN HE GOT TO THE BARN, ALL THE COWS HAD DIED!

NOTHING!

FEARING HE MIGHT HAVE BECOME AN ORPHAN... AGAIN...

...HE RETURNED TO WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

MUM? DAD?

CAN WE COME OUT NOW?

Shhh! HE'S COME BACK!

IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE NEXT DOOR!

Huh?!

COLIN?!

Uh--MARTHA, DID YOU FORGET TO TELL HIM?

TELL ME WHAT?

WELL, ACTUALLY, COLIN, WE MOVED HOUSE. WE NEEDED A CHANGE OF...umm...SCENERY--

HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND.

A CHANGE OF ANGLE?

BUT IF YOU NEEDED A CHANGE OF SCENERY, WHY DID YOU MOVE NEXT DOOR?

IT'S THIS SUPERMAN BUSINESS!

YES, BUT NOBODY KNOWS I'M SUPERMAN. I'M JUST COLIN CLARK, REPORTER.

EVEN IF I HAVE TO--COMPROMISE--TO BE A GOOD TABLOID JOURNALIST, I CAN STILL BE HELPFUL, PLEASANT AND NICE WHEN I'M SUPERMAN!

AND IF I'M HELPFUL, PLEASANT AND NICE, NOBODY WILL EVER THINK I'M A TABLOID JOURNALIST. RIGHT?

COLIN, YOU'RE MISSING THE--

I'M GOING--I MEAN, SUPERMAN IS GOING TO BE DATING ELIZABETH TURLEY--OR MAYBE BRITNEY SPEARS--THIS WEEK.

REALLY?

NOT REALLY, NO... BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER TO THE TABLOIDS. NEXT WEEK, THE NEWSPAPERS WILL CALL ME "BRITAIN'S GREATEST HERO EVER"!

YOU THINK CHURCHILL WAS OVER-RATED?

sigh PRINT ANYTHING YOU LIKE, DEAR. WHATEVER HELPS YOUR CAREER!

"MAYBE I COULD EARN SOME OF MY GOOD PRESS!"
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM.
LET ME TAKE APART YOUR CARBU-RETOR AT AT SUPER SPEED AND CLEAN OUT THE EXCESS PETROL.
WHAT A NICE YOUNG MAN.!
THIS GEOMETRY SURE IS HARD.
WELL, NO WONDER.! THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM ONLY APPLIES TO RIGHT TRI-ANGLES!
NOW REMEMBER, C^2 IS THE HYPOTE-NUSE!
VINTAGE WORLD WAR TWO, ALL RIGHT!
DANGER UXB
NO PROBLEM! LET ME THROW IT WHERE IT WON'T DO ANY HARM.
TREE STUMPS... BOMBS... ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR...
BOOM!
...UH, EIFFEL TOWER REPAIR-MAN?
PARDON, MESDAMES ET MONSIEURS!
MERCI, SUPER-HOMME! MERCI BEAU-COUP!
<SEE HOW HE USES A SPANNER TO TIGHTEN THAT NUT!>*
*TRANS-LATED FROM THE FRENCH.
BOLTON TIMES
FRENCH COMPLAIN ABOUT BOMB
IPSWITCH INQUIRER
MAN OF STEEL ASSISTS LOCAL MOTORISTS
CORNWALL COURIER
SUPERMAN!
DAILY SMEAR
SUPER-SC EXCLUSIVE INTERVI WITH S-MAN PARENTS
"WE ARE MODERATELY PROUD OF HIM
BY COLIN CLARK

EVEN M.I.-6 CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT HIM.

WELL, THEN, WE REALLY DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.

Royal Summons for Superman

Man of Steel ordered to court

AND SO WE HAVE SUMMONED SUPERMAN HERE TODAY.

WE WISH HIM TO ATTEMPT A TRIO OF LABORS LONG THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE BY THE FINEST MINDS IN BRITAIN.

SUPERMAN HAS BEEN GIVEN THREE IMPOSSIBLE TASKS, A MISSION MANY COMPARE TO THE TWELVE LABOURS OF HERCULES.

THE FIRST TASK: TO MAKE THE TRAINS RUN ON TIME.

LIVE

BUT IS EVEN THE MAN OF STEEL UP TO SUCH AN IMPOSSIBLE JOB?

Brokelaa

BOVRIL

OXO

CURRENT ODDS AGAINST SUPERMAN: 90-1

LIVE

SO THE 5:59 FROM EAST MAIDSTONE IS GOING TO BE ABOUT SIX MINUTES LATE?

NOT ON *MY* WATCH!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDER-STAND. YOU SAY THERE'S SOME "TIMETABLE" THING WITH A "SCHEDULE" PREDICTING OUR ARRIVAL TIME?

WHAT TH--?

MY WORD--!

WE'RE SPEEDING UP!

I THINK YOU'LL MAKE YOUR APPOINTMENTS AFTER ALL, NOW THAT WE'RE RUNNING ON SUPER-SPEED!

SO YOU COULD SIMPLY HAVE THEM RUN ON TIME.

SEE, THESE NUMBERS INDICATE THE TIMES THAT THE TRAINS SHOULD BE DEPARTING FROM THE STATION...

BRILLIANT!

...AND WHEN *DEPARTING* AT THAT TIME, THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO ARRIVE AT THE TIME INDICATED ON THE SCHEDULE.

MY WORD! RADICAL THINKING!

THAT MEANS-- THEY WOULDN'T BE LATE ANYMORE!

THREE CHEERS FOR SUPER-MAN!!

DAILY SMEAR

SUPER-SCHEME SAVES SCHEDULES

YORKSHIRE YOWLER

TRAINS RUN ON TIM

BOLTON TIMES

SUCCESSFUL SUPER-TASK#1

...QUEEN HERSELF PRESENTED SUPER-MAN WITH A SPECIAL ROYAL AWARD TODAY FOR HIS EFFORTS.

SHE THEN ANNOUNCED THE SECOND OF HER THREE IMPOSSIBLE SUPER-TASKS:

REDUCE THE WAITING TIME FOR HIP OPER-ATIONS.

I'M AFRAID I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND SURGERY.

DON'T WORRY, NEITHER DO THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE UP THE SCHEDULES.

I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I SPEAK TO THE MEDICAL SOCIETY MEETING NEXT WEEK.

LET'S CLOSE THIS ONE UP AND GO AND DISCUSS IT.

SO, IF YOU ALL PLAYED LESS GOLF, YOU COULD EASILY DECREASE THE WAITING TIME FOR HIP OPERATIONS.

AND THAT WOULD HELP ME OUT QUITE A BIT WITH HER MAJESTY!

British Medical Associat

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? FOR THE GOOD OF THE NATION?

JOLLY GOOD IDEA, SUPERMAN! WE'RE WITH YOU!

ONLY FOUR ROUNDS A WEEK!

THEN FOLLOW ME!

COME ALONG, CHAPS! ALL OF THESE GOOD PEOPLE FROM ACROSS THE LAND ARE WAITING FOR HIP SURGERY!

SHALL WE GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT?

YES! HURRAH!

AND TO KICK THINGS OFF, I WILL USE MY SUPER-HEAT VISION TO MAKE THE INCISIONS IN EACH PATIENT.

HIP! HIP! HURRAH!

WAIT FOR THE ANESTHETIC, PLEASE!

SUPERMAN'S EFFORTS HAVE REDUCED WAITING TIMES BY AS MUCH AS 61 PERCENT.

IN OTHER NEWS, BRITAIN'S GOLF CLUBS HAVE SUFFERED THEIR WORST WEEK ON RECORD.

AFTER RECEIVING ANOTHER MEDAL, THE THIRD IMPOSSIBLE SUPER-TASK WAS ANNOUNCED:

SUPERMAN HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH RAISING THE QUALITY OF PROGRAMMING ON THE BBC. HE--

CLIK

IT'S THE BBC MID-WEEK EVENING POLITICAL DISCUSSION, CHAIRED BY WANDA DIMBLEBY, WITH VINNIE JONES, FRANK SKINNER, VICTORIA BECKHAM--

CLIK

IN THIS REPORTER'S OPINION, THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE SUPER-TASKS--

FRANKLY, SUPERMAN, I'M AFRAID THE BOARD FEELS YOUR PROPOSAL TO MAKE PROGRAMMES FOR PEOPLE OVER 30 HAS NO MERIT. THE BBC HAS ALWAYS BEEN--

BBC

WHAT TH--?

WHOOPS! BEG YOUR PARDON! I'M AFRAID THAT UPSETTING NEWS LIKE THAT CAN MAKE MY HEAT VISION FIRE UP A BIT.

LUCKY I WASN'T LOOKING DIRECTLY AT YOU! LET ME BLOW THAT OUT.

I'M SORRY. AS I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO SIT IN ON THESE MEETINGS UNTIL THE SITUATION IS RESOLVED--

--IT WOULD BE EMBARRASSING FOR THIS TO KEEP FLARING UP IN THE WEEKS TO COME. NOW, WHERE WERE WE?

UH, YOU RAISE A GOOD POINT.

QUITE RIGHT.

I'VE NEVER CARED FOR DUMBING DOWN PROGRAMMING. I THOUGHT WE SHOULD DUMB THEM UP.

WELL... *DUH!*

I'M DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT, AND I SUSPECT THE PALACE WILL FEEL THE SAME.

GOOD PICTURE, JIMMY!

WE'RE A GOOD TEAM, COLIN. AS LONG AS SUPERMAN STAYS THIS POPULAR, THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR US!

SUPERMA
TRIUMPHA
MAN OF STEE
IS THREE FOR THREE

WELL DONE, LADS! LOVE THE SUPERMAN PIECES, LOVE 'EM! WHAT'S NEXT FOR MY FAVOURITE CIRCULATION-BUILDER?

WELL, SIR, HE'S CUTTING A COUPLE OF RIBBONS THIS WEEK, BY REQUEST OF THE PALACE--

AND HE MAY ACCOMPANY HER MAJESTY TO CHRISTEN A SHIP. GREAT PHOTO-OP!

OH, DEAR. NOTHING INTERESTING, EH?

THERE'S TALK OF AN M.B.E.

CAN'T GET MUCH DULLER THAN THAT!

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE INTERVEIW, THEN. MAYBE CONFESS TO SOME-THING.?

WHO'S HE DATING THIS WEEK? ONE OF "CHARLIE'S ANGELS"--

OR WHY NOT ALL THREE? HE *IS* SUPERMAN!

BARTHOLOMEW-OLSEN--WE NEED PHOTOS! BIG PHOTOS!!

KEEP IT UP! AND LOOK FOR A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA IN YOUR CHEQUES THIS WEEK!

YES SIR!

THE MORE SENSATIONAL YOUR STORIES, THE BIGGER THE BONUSES!

THANK YOU, SIR! WE'LL REALLY SLEAZE IT UP!

SLEAZE IT UP?

COLIN! WHYTE-BADGER LIKES US! IT CAN'T GET MUCH BETTER THAN THIS!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A WARNING.

SUPERMAN LN.

SO FOR ALL OF HIS GOOD WORKS, THE NEW ROAD WILL BE CALLED "SUPERMAN LANE."

LOUISA! LOUISA, IT'S ME!

SORRY, BUT I THINK YOU HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH MY COUSIN!

YOU MUST BE ***LOIS LANE***, THE AMERICAN REPORTER.

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE NOT COLIN CLARK, ARE YOU?

SUPERMAN HIMSELF IS APPARENTLY RUNNING LATE.

GUESS HE'S NOT TRAVELLING BY TRAIN!

NICE TO MEET YOU. SO LOUISA'S STILL SPEAKING OF ME?

BARELY. BUT I DON'T HOLD HER GRUDGES FOR HER. I'M HERE FOR A FEW DAYS TO GET AN AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE ON SUPERMAN.

IF YOU HELP ME OUT WITH SOME BACK-GROUND, I'LL BUY YOU LUNCH. YOU SEEM TO BE THE MAN TO TALK TO.

GREAT IDEA. I NEED TO GO FIND MY PHOTOGRAPHER, BUT I'LL MEET YOU HERE AFTERWARDS.

HE'S HERE!

WAIT--COLIN! SUPERMAN'S HERE--!

THAT'S ODD--! COULD HAVE SWORN HE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME!

LATER...

THAT ALMOST HAPPENED WHEN PERRY WAS GOING TO MODERATE ONE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL DEBATES. WE DIDN'T NOTICE UNTIL JUST BEFORE THEY WENT ON THE AIR!

COLIN, HOW CAN YOU WORK FOR HIM IF HE'S REALLY THAT BAD?

WHYTE-BADGER WOULD HAVE KILLED SOMEONE FOR THAT!

WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? WHYTE-BADGER OWNS EVERY NEWSPAPER IN BRITAIN, AND HE JUST BOUGHT BBC 2.

I'M LATE FOR MY NEXT INTERVIEW. I WISH I WASN'T LEAVING TOMORROW NIGHT. I HAD A GREAT TIME.

SO DID I. SAY, uh, COULD I...?

CALL ME THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN AMERICA? YOU'D *BETTER!*

ACTHALLY, I WAS GOING TO OFFER TO HELP YOU GET AN EXCLUSIVE WITH SUPERMAN.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

HE OWES ME A FAVOUR. COME BY THE AWARDS CEREMONY TOMORROW MORNING.

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! COLIN, YOU'RE THE BEST!

OH, MY. ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE RELATED TO LOUISA?

SHE LIKES ME--THAT *NEVER* HAPPENS! WHAT WILL MUM AND DAD THINK?

EMPTY! THEY COULDN'T HAVE MOVED AND FORGOTTEN TO TELL ME *AGAIN*, COULD THEY?

NO LUCK...!

THEY'RE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND...

FATTY OWLS

...IN ALL OF ENGLAND--!

SORRY, MA'AM!

I'LL HAVE A LOOK IN WALES...

...IRELAND?! DAMN, I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS!

HOW ABOUT SCOTLAND? MAYBE THE ORKNEY ISLANDS...

AH *HA!*

MUM! DAD! I WAS SO WORRIED!

DID YOU MOVE HOUSE--*AGAIN?!*

I COULD HAVE SWORN WE TOLD YOU THIS TIME!!

YES, WELL, WE'VE HAD A LOT ON OUR MINDS, SON. SUPERMAN. COLIN.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO **CALL** YOU ANYMORE!

COLIN! I MEAN-- ***SUPERMAN!*** COME INSIDE BEFORE ONE OF THE NEIGHBOURS SEES YOU!

MUM, I LOOKED EVERY-WHERE!

MUM, I'M JUST COLIN! I'VE BEEN HAVING A ROUGH TIME, I'M AFRAID. ***EVERY-*** ONE LOVES SUPER-MAN... WELL, ***ALMOST*** EVERYONE--

AND MR. WHYTE BADGER IS VERY HAPPY WITH ME, BUT I HAVE TO WRITE THESE DREADFUL STORIES.

IF I DON'T MAKE THEM LURID ENOUGH, THEY'RE REWRITTEN UNTIL THEY'RE *REALLY* SLEAZY.

I THOUGHT JOURNALISM WAS ABOUT REPORTING, BUT THEY'VE LOST INTEREST IN ANY KIND OF REALITY--

SON, DO YOU HAVE TO WEAR THAT GETUP IN THE HOUSE?

WHAT?

OH, SORRY DAD... TURN YOUR HEAD PLEASE, MUM.

THE QUEEN IS HAPPY WITH SUPERMAN, BUT I STILL FEEL GUILTY.

NEVER MIND, DEAR.

I MET THIS GREAT GIRL YESTERDAY, BUT SHE HAS TO GO BACK TO AMERICA.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME BACK HERE AND GET A PART-TIME JOB WITH THE WESTON-SUPER-MARE MERCURY?

BUT--I MEAN, MUM, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

BEST LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER, DEAR. GIVE UP THIS SILLY SUPERMAN BUSINESS OR IT'LL END IN TEARS.

AND SO...

WHAT IF THEY'RE *RIGHT*? MAYBE I *SHOULD* QUIT!

IT *IS* A BIT OF A SILLY COSTUME. EMBARRASSING TIGHTS, SILLY CAPE--

HERE HE COMES!

DAILY SMEAR

...RATULATIONS, SUPERMAN

WELL, WELL, SUPERMAN! THANK YOU FOR COMING. PEREGRINE WHYTE-BADGER.

NICE TO SEE YOU--*MEET* YOU, MR. WHYTE-BADGER. HELLO, JIMMY.

HI, SUPERMAN!

THE READERS OF THE DAILY SMEAR--HAVE VOTED TO HONOUR SUPERMAN AS THE MAN OF THE MILLENNIUM!

THIS IS AN EVEN BIGGER CROWD THAN WE GOT FOR DAVID BECKHAM--

--*LAST* MONTH'S MAN OF THE MILLENNIUM.

WELL DONE!

THANK YOU.

GET A FEW GOOD SHOTS--FOR THE ADVERTS.

ADVERTS?

YES, YES. JUST YOU HOLDING UP THE MASTHEAD AND SAYING SOMETHING LIKE "I READ THE DAILY SMEAR, ENGLAND'S FINEST NEWSPAPER"--

THE MARKETING DEPARTMENT CAN POLISH IT.

UH, MR. WHYTE-BADGER, I NEVER AGREED TO ANY ADVERTS.

WHAT? YOU THINK WE'RE HONOURING YOU FOR NOTHING?

YOUR MICROPHONE IS ***OPEN***, MR. WHYTE-BADGER!!

CUT THE POWER.

NOW, JAMIE--

JIMMY.

--JIMMY, DON'T YOU THINK ANY ***REASONABLE*** PERSON WOULD ***ASSUME*** THERE WAS AN ENDORSEMENT INVOLVED?

I SUPPOSE ANY REASONABLE PERSON WHO KNEW ***YOU***...

DID YOU HEAR THAT, SUPERMAN? JIMMY BACKS ME UP.

MR. WHYTE-BADGER, I DIDN'T EXACTLY--

MR. WHYTE-BADGER, I DON'T SELL MY NAME FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES--

--AND I NEVER WOULD HAVE AGREED TO THIS AWARD IF I'D KNOWN THERE WERE STRINGS ATTACHED.

APPARENTLY, MR. SUPERMAN DOESN'T TRUST ME. THAT'S ALL RIGHT. HE CAN CALL *ME* A LIAR IF HE CHOOSES...

BUT IF HE DOES, HE'S ALSO CALLING *THE ENTIRE ENGLISH PRESS* DISHONEST, AND I, FOR ONE, AM NOT GOING TO *STAND* FOR THAT!

ON YOUR BIKE, SUPERMAN!

AND YOU CAN *KEEP* YOUR AWARD! IT MAY BE THE LAST ONE YOU'LL GET FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!

YOU THINK BECKHAM WOULD ACCEPT ANOTHER ONE?

I'D BETTER GO, JIMMY.

I DUNNO, SUPERMAN...

...HE MAY BE POMPOUS AND ARROGANT AND CONNIVING AND A BULLY, BUT-- *UH*--

--HE *IS* VERY POWERFUL. AND...

TEN MINUTES LATER...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. WHYTE-BADGER?

YES, COME IN, CLARK.

SLIGHT CHANGE IN EDITORIAL DIRECTION...

DAILY SMEAR

YOU KNOW THAT ARROGANT *CLOWN* WE'VE BEEN BUILDING UP? WELL, WE'RE GOING TO BRING HIM BACK *DOWN* A BIT.

CAN I ASK WHY SIR?

BECAUSE IT'S TIME! AND DID YOU SEE *THIS*?!

'DAILY PLANET EXCLUSIVE -- LOIS LANE INTERVIEWS SUPERMAN.'

WE HAVE AN EXCLUSIVITY DEAL WITH SUPERMAN, AND HE STABS US IN THE BACK!

BUT SUPERMAN NEVER SIGNED ANY--

BESIDE THE POINT, CLARK... THE MAN TURNED ON *US* FIRST!

DAILY PLANET

EXCLUSIVE

LOIS LANE INTERVIEWS SUPERMAN

DIG UP SOME DIRT ON SUPERMAN!

I DON'T SUPPORT *ANYONE* MORE POWERFUL THAN I AM!

THAT'S WHY I HATE THE ROYALS! IN FACT, THAT'S WHY I'M AN ATHEIST!

AFTER WORK...

SO NOBODY KNOWS HIS SECRET IDENTITY.

HE COULD BE ANYBODY IN BRITAIN! "SECRET IDENTITY" ?!

WELL, YES, THAT'S WHAT SUPERMAN CALLS IT.

BUT LOUISA, YOU WERE NICE ENOUGH TO CALL ME AND INVITE ME OUT--

--AND ALL I'VE BEEN DOING IS TALKING ABOUT SUPERMAN. LET'S TALK ABOUT US!

Oh, DEAR! IS THAT THE TIME? GOT TO RUN. I'LL CALL YOU AGAIN FAIRLY SOON.

TA-TA, COLIN!

UH-- GOOD-NIGHT!

AGAIN!

DAILY SMEAR

BAD SHOW SUPERMAN

DAILY SMEAR

SUPER-FL

DAILY SMEAR

PRESS STANDS UP TO SUPER-FREAK

DAILY SMEAR

WHYTE BADGER VS. MAN OF STEEL

DAILY SMEAR

WHO IS THE MAN OF STEEL?

$100,000 REWARD FOR SUPERMAN'S SECRET IDENITY

STORY BY LOUISA LAYNE-FERRET

I HEARD HE WON'T COME OUT IN PUBLIC BECAUSE EVERYONE IS TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM...

...TO LEARN HIS IDENTITY, AND CASH IN ON THE REWARD.

I MEAN, I WONDER *HOW* EVERYBODY FOUND OUT, HE EVEN *HAS* AN ALTER EGO, JIM!

DAILY SMEAR BAD SHOW SUPERMAN

WE ARE STARTING PHASE TWO OF OUR DEFENCES *AGAINST* SUPERMAN. IF HE'S DECLARING WAR ON THE BRITISH PRESS, WE *WILL* STRIKE BACK.

SIR, I DON'T THINK HE EXACTLY DECLARED WAR ON...

WE'RE STEPPING UP OUR CAMPAIGN. APPARENTLY THE THREE IMPOSSIBLE SUPER-TASKS *DIDN'T* TURN OUT *SO SUPER!*

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SIR?

I AM TALKING, YOUNG BARTHOLOMEW-OLSEN, ABOUT OUR FRONT-PAGE STORY TOMORROW.

CLARK, GET THE DETAILS OF THE LAW-SUIT AGAINST ENGLISH RAIL.

AND JIMMY, I WANT PHOTOS OF THE VICTIMS.

VICTIMS?

THOSE POOR PEOPLE IN THE TRAINS. WHEN OUR SUPER-VIGILANTE STARTED YANKING ON THOSE ENGINES--

--HE GAVE OVER *TWO DOZEN* PEOPLE A HORRID CASE OF *WHIPLASH*. THAT *SAVAGE!*

WHIPLASH?

IT'S ONLY JUST COME TO LIGHT!

B-BUT THE TRAINS--?

OH, YES. EVERY TRAIN IN ENGLAND WAS ON TIME FOR, OH, A GOOD *DAY* AND A *HALF*.

THAT'S *IT?*

AND IF THE VICTIMS WIN THEIR SUIT, THE WHOLE RAIL SYSTEM MAY GO UNDER!

Hmmm... THAT'S NOT A BAD *HOOK*, IS IT? "ENGLISH RAIL DERAILED BY SUPER-DOPE!"

:*TSK*: MR. WHYTE-BADGER...

HOW CAN YOU WRITE THAT KIND OF GARBAGE ABOUT SUPERMAN?

NO, JIMMY, IT'S TRUE, AND IF MR. WHYTE-BADGER WANTS ME TO DO IT... I WILL...

SO ALL THE PATIENTS WITH HIP OPERATIONS GOT *INFECTIONS?*

APPARENTLY, A PUBLIC MEETING HALL *ISN'T* THE BEST PLACE TO CONDUCT SURGERY.

WHY DIDN'T THEY TELL HIM?

JIMMY, YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND TO SUPERMAN, BUT HE REALLY *MESSED UP.* DID YOU SEE THE REPORT BY THE TASK FORCE?

"ALL REPORTS OF A HIGHER QUALITY OF PROGRAMMING ON THE BBC WERE REPORTED BY THE BBC!" WHAT? THIS MEANS--

RIGHT. HE DIDN'T DO *ANY THING* SUPER AT ALL. THE IMPOSSIBLE SUPER-TASKS ARE *STILL* IMPOSSIBLE!

LIVE

AND SO, SUPERMAN, YOU **OWE** THE NATION A GREAT SERVICE FOR THE **DISSERVICE** YOU HAVE DONE WITH YOUR **SO-CALLED** SUPER-TASKS!

IF YOU WANT TO PAY BACK THE NATION, THEN WE CALL ON YOU TO PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT--

NATIONAL DEBT? YOU PAY ME £178 A WEEK!

MAYBE I COULD DO SOMETHING TO BRING IN A FEW MILLION IF NOT **BILLIONS.**

"NO OFFICE WOULD PAY THAT KIND OF MONEY FOR AN EMPLOYEE... **EVEN** IF HE HAS SUPER-SPEED...

"...AND NEITHER WOULD THE FOOD SERVICE INDUSTRY.

"NO WORK IN **CONSTRUCTION** FOR ME...

IDLE CONSTRUCT

"...OR IN ANY FACTORY...

"...AND THERE IS NOT ENOUGH COAL IN THE WORLD TO MAKE THAT KIND OF--!

"WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S **IT!**"

AND SO--

WHAT?!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT I WANTED YOUR VIEWERS TO KNOW THAT TOMORROW, I WILL APPEAR BEFORE PARLIAMENT TO PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

I HOPE YOU'RE THERE, MR. WHYTE-BADGER, AND I INVITE EVERYONE ELSE WHO FEELS I LET THE NATION DOWN.

I'LL SEE YOU THERE-- AND THANKS FOR ALLOWING ME TO USE YOUR BROADCAST FOR MY ANNOUNCEMENT!

LIVE

TYPICAL GRANDSTANDING... WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT TOMORROW BRINGS.

TOMORROW...

GOOD MORNING! 'MORNING, EVERYONE!

HOORAY 4

WE LOVE U SUPER

BRITAIN HAS BEEN VERY GOOD TO ME--MOSTLY-- AND I WANTED TO GIVE SOMETHING BACK.

I AM WELL AWARE OF THE SCOPE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT, AND I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT HELP TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

I THOUGHT I'D SAY IT WITH *DIAMONDS!*

LOOK AT *THAT!*

THAT OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF A FEW HUNDRED BILLION!

WELL *DONE!*

THAT'S WONDERFUL, SUPERMAN, BUT WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU *FIND* ALL OF THESE?

ACTUALLY, I *MADE* THEM.

I *SQUEEZED* LUMPS OF COAL WITH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF *PRESSURE*-- AND TURNED THEM *ALL* INTO DIAMONDS.

OF COURSE, MOTHER NATURE TAKES *MILLIONS* OF YEARS. MY WAY JUST TOOK A COUPLE OF *HOURS*.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL DELIVER THESE TO THE TREASURY.

HE'S FELLING VERY *FULL* OF HIMSELF, *eh, LORD STOAT-BAGGE?* THINK WE CAN GET HIM TO APPEAR AT *OUR* LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE?

SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. NOT WITH *THAT* SUPER-*EGO*.

ONE LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE LATER...

EXCUSE ME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'LL BEGIN AS SOON AS SUPERMAN ARRIVES.

WHY DON'T YOU GET UP CLOSER TO THE FRONT, JIMMY? I'LL STAY BACK A BIT...

GOOD IDEA, COL... I WON'T MISS A THING!

WELCOME, SUPER-MAN...

SORRY... I'M RUNNING LATE. IT'S GETTING *HARDER* TO FLY WITH ALL THESE *MEDALS* I'M AFRAID.

MAY I PRESENT TO YOU LORD BARTHOLOMEW STOAT-BAGGE?

I *THINK* I MET HIS LORDSHIP AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, WHEN I WIPED OUT THE NATIONAL DEBT. HE *DOES* SEEM FAMILIAR.

YES, SUPER-MAN, THAT WAS A NICE *ATTEMPT*, ANYWAY.

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

YOU SAY YOU ACTUALLY *MADE* ALL OF THOSE DIAMONDS *YOURSELF*?

THAT'S RIGHT. I DUG UP EVERY LUMP OF COAL IN THE BRITISH ISLES TO CON-VERT INTO SHINY DIAMONDS.

JUST A MATTER OF PROCESSING GRAPH-ITE INTO ANOTHER FORM OF CARBON. I ALWAYS HAD A *KNACK* FOR CHEMISTRY.

DID YOU HAVE MUCH GRASP OF *BASIC* ECONOMIC *THEORY*, THEN?

ECONOMIC THEORY?

LET ME EXPLAIN THIS *VERY* SIMPLY.

DIAMONDS ARE OF GREAT VALUE ONLY *BECAUSE* OF THEIR SCARCITY. DO YOU *FOLLOW* ME?

UH-OH.

BECAUSE YOU HAVE CREATED LITERALLY TONS OF DIAMONDS, THEY HAVE NOW BECOME DEVALUED--

--SO THAT A LUMP OF COAL IS NOW WORTH MORE THAN A DIAMOND. OF COURSE, A LUMP OF COAL CAN STILL BE USED FOR FUEL--

--WHICH IS MORE THAN A DIAMOND CAN DO!

Ummm--I'M AFRAID I CAN'T UN-SQUEEZE THEM...

"ALL ACROSS BRITAIN, POOR FAMILIES ARE STRUGGLING TO STAY WARM WITH NO COAL...

"...AND THE COAL MINERS ARE OUT OF JOBS--THEIR FAMILIES... DESTITUTE!"

CLOSED FOREVER

Hmmm... HERE'S A THOUGHT...

SUPPOSE I FLY OFF INTO OUTER SPACE, AND START LOOKING FOR GOLD ON DISTANT PLANETS.

IF I FOUND EACH POOR FAMILY A HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOLD--

YOU JUST DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, SUPERMAN?

FORTUNATELY, FOR YOU... AND DESPITE MY ADVICE... HER MAJESTY HAS GIVEN YOU A FINAL OPPORTUNITY TO REDEEM YOURSELF.

YOU HAVE BEEN ASKED TO REPRESENT ENGLAND AS A ONE-MAN CRICKET TEAM, IN A MATCH AGAINST THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TEAM.

BUT I DON'T PLAY CRICKET! WELL, NOT ANYMORE!

THEN I SHOULD TELL HER MAJESTY THAT YOU REFUSE?

NO! NO!

BUT A ONE-MAN TEAM? I'LL HAVE TO FIELD EVERY POSITION?

HER MAJESTY FELT YOU COULD EMPLOY WHAT YOU REFER TO AS YOUR, QUOTE-UNQUOTE, SUPER-SPEED.

YES...YES OF COURSE...

TELL HER MAJESTY I'LL BE... Um ...er... DELIGHTED.

GOOD LUCK, CHAPS!

GET KNOTTED, YOU POMMY TURD!

GO AUSSIES

I CAN'T LET UP!

NO MATTER WHAT!

I MUST WIN THIS ONE FOR ENGLAND!

A RESPECTABLE SHOWING HERE, AND I'VE SAVED MY SUPER-HIDE!

I JUST HAVE TO CONCENTRATE ...NOT THINK ABOUT... IT!

CAN'T LOSE CONTROL!

MUST HANG ON TO THE BAT!

I'M TOO TENSE TO SWING PROPERLY! HAVE TO RELAX!

IT'S NO GOOD!

GO GO SURES

AWWWW, NO--

"--NOT AGAIN!"

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

Oh, I'M JUST FINE!

EXCEPT-- I'VE GOT A CRICKET BALL LODGED IN ME SKULL!

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

IF WE TRY TO TAKE THE BALL OUT, HE COULD DIE! BUT IT'S DESTROY ED THE AREA OF THE BRAIN CONTROLLING LOGICAL, RATIONAL THOUGHT.

DON'T WORRY, THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE IN AUSTRALIA.

"BRAINIAC" HERE MIGHT MAKE A VALUABLE ADDITION TO ONE OF MY NEWS-PAPERS!

AND, AFTER FOUR SIMILAR INCIDENTS, THE UMPIRES DECLARE SUPERMAN THE WINNER...

SO THANKS TO THE VALIANT AUSSIES, WHO WERE WILLING TO FIGHT ON, EVEN *AFTER* SUPERMAN ATTEMPTED TO LOBOTOMIZE THEIR BOWLERS--

IT WAS AN *ACCIDENT!*

--I HEREBY DECLARE THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TEAM TO BE *RUNNERS-UP!*

CONGRATULATIONS, LADS!

AND FIRST PLACE GOES TO SUPER-MAN!

UH, THIS IS THE *FIRST* PLACE MEDAL?

NOT *GOOD* ENOUGH FOR YOU? JUST TAKE IT OFF AND *TOSS* IT AWAY AFTER YOU LEAVE.

NO! NO! I WEAR ALL MY AWARDS!

WE'LL SEE. CONGRATULATIONS ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

WHAT EMPIRE?

WELLLL... WE'VE STILL GOT *PART* OF IRELAND!

MAGNIFICENT WORK, LADDIES...

...NOW ABOUT--

JIST

WHAT THE--?!

CURSES!!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT--? NEVER SEEN A MAN IMPALED BY A CRICKET BAT BEFORE?

THEN BEHOLD..THE BAT-MAN!

GASP!

COME ALONG, YOUR LORDSHIP. WE HAVE A FEW THINGS TO TALK ABOUT.

I WAS AT UNIVERSITY AT THE TIME. IF THE DOCTORS HAD TAKEN IT OUT, IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME.

OF COURSE! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE DAY COLIN CLARK FLUNG IT AT YOU!

VERY INTERESTING! AND YOU DON'T HOLD A GRUDGE?

I'VE BEEN PLOTTING MY REVENGE EVER SINCE.

AS I'D HOPED... WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON!

AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT YOU'LL NO LONGER NEED TO WORRY ABOUT SUPERMAN.

SAME ONE, ACTUALLY...

ANOTHER GRUDGE?

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, eh? STOAT-BAGGE, OLD BOY, I THINK THIS IS THE BE-GINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!

I THINK SO, WHYTE-BADGER. I'VE GOT SOME BIG PLANS FOR OUR SUPER-MAN REVENGE SQUAD!

COLIN, YOU LOOK TERRIBLE.

I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING TOO WELL, JIM. MAYBE A TOUCH OF THE *FLU*.

I THOUGHT YOU *NEVER* GOT SICK. I DON'T FEEL TOO WELL *EITHER*, BUT AT LEAST I *KNOW* WHAT'S CAUSING IT.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS? "SUPERMAN GO HOME!" "BRITAIN DISGUSTED WITH MAN OF *STEAL*!"

AND HOW ABOUT *THIS* ONE?

"BAT-MAN DEFEATS SUPER-WIMP"?

YORKSHIRE YOWLER

BAT-MAN DEFEATS SUPERWIMP

STILL, YOU DO HAVE TO FEEL GUILTY-- I MEAN *BADLY* --ABOUT LORD STOAT-BAGGE.

OH, THERE YOU ARE, CLARK! I'D *ALMOST* FORGOTTEN THAT YOU TRIED TO *ASSASSINATE* LORD STOAT-BAGGE AT UNIVERSITY!

I DIDN'T TRY TO ASSASSINATE--

TELL ME, WHAT'S IT *FEEL* LIKE TO *IMPALE* A MAN WITH A *CRICKET BAT*?

WHAT *ARE* YOU TALKING ABOUT?

OH, COME ON, BARTHOLOMEW-OLSEN, ACCI-DENTS *DO* HAPPEN!

"THE DAY I *ALMOST MURDERED* THE LORD. "THAT'D MAKE *ME* WANT TO KEEP READING!

BUT SIR--I *HAVE* FELT SO GUILTY ALL THESE YEARS!

THAT COULD MAKE A *GREAT* HUMAN INTEREST PIECE, MAYBE FOR THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT:

GOOD--IT'LL BE A CATHARSIS FOR YOU--AND A GREAT WAY TO BOOST CIRCULATION FOR US!

IT'S A *TELL-ALL*-- AND IT'S GOT PLENTY OF BLOOD AND GUTS!

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S NOT ANOTHER ATTACK ON SUPERMAN.

THAT REMINDS ME--I'VE JUST FINISHED ANOTHER EDITORIAL!

"GIVE IT UP, SUPERMAN!"

"ARE HIS POWERS THE PROBLEM? THE ONCE POPULAR HERO FACES HUMILIATION AFTER A SERIES OF SUPER-FLOPS!"

WE'LL RUN IT WITH A PHOTO OF THE POOR CHAP WITH THE BALL IN HIS HEAD! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHAT? ARE YOU CALLING ON SUPERMAN TO STOP USING HIS POWERS?

THAT'S RIGHT! NOT ONLY DOES HE FAIL ALL THREE SUPER-TASKS, HE NEARLY LOBOTOMIZED THAT POOR BOWLER!

WORSE, HE DOESN'T SELL PAPERS ANYMORE. HE'S A MENACE. IN FACT--MAYBE WE SHOULD SUE HIM!

YES! FOR THE GOOD OF THE NATION--LET'S TAKE OUT AN INJUNCTION TO PREVENT HIM FROM EVER BEING SUPERMAN AGAIN!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MR. WHYTE-BADGER!

MAYBE HE CAN, JIMMY. MAYBE HE SHOULD. SUPERMAN'S BEEN DOING A LOT MORE HARM THAN GOOD LATELY.

NOT YOU TOO, COLIN!

IF I'M NOT FEELING BETTER SOON, AND IF MY POWERS KEEP FADING, I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ANY CHOICE!

HE'S SUPPOSED TO CUT THE RIBBON AT A NEW DRY CLEANERS NEXT WEEK. IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THAT WAS HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

IT OUGHT TO BE. HE'D BETTER GIVE UP IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM!

I HEREBY DECLARE THIS DRY CLEANING SHOP... Uhnngh! OPEN!

ALBION

SNIP

USE YOUR HEAT VISION!

THAT'S SUPER-MAN? HE LOOKS... TERRIBLE!

CAN I GET A SHOT OF YOU TWO?

IT'S A REAL HONOR, SUPER-MAN!

YES... Umm... HAVE YOU GOT A REST-ROOM?

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SUPER-MAN!

WHAT'S THIS?

YOU'RE ORDERED TO APPEAR IN COURT NEXT WEEK, CHARGED WITH ABUSING YOUR POWERS.

UNTIL THEN, THIS ENJOINS YOU FROM USING YOUR SUPER-POWERS AT ANY TIME.

WHAT POWERS? I DON'T *HAVE* POWERS ANY-MORE!

GET A SHOT OF *THIS*, BARTHOLOMEW-OLSEN!

NOT SUCH A TOUGH GUY NOW, *eh?*

I NEVER *SAID* I--

SOME OF US DON'T *NEED* SUPER-POWERS! I'LL SEE YOU IN COURT, *NOT-SO-* SUPER-MAN!

:GASP!= NO!

I'M GETTING WORSE BY THE DAY! I NEED A KRYPTONIAN DOCTOR FAST OR--

HELP! SOMEONE!

MY CAT'S CAUGHT IN A TREE, MISTER! CAN YOU HELP ME?!

GUESS I OUGHT TO HELP.

WELL,-- I'LL TRY-- BUT IT'S AWFULLY HIGH.

WAIT A MINUTE! HERE'S MR. JONES FROM NEXT DOOR! HE'S GOT A LADDER!

NO NEED TO BOTHER THIS-- POOR MAN, SALLY. I'LL GET YOUR KITTY DOWN.

WONDERFUL! I'VE BECOME AN OBJECT OF PITY!

MY CAREER IS OVER, I'M TOO SICK TO CLIMB A TREE! WHAT ELSE CAN HAPPEN?

WHAT'S THIS?! THEY'VE DEMOTED ME!

OW!! AND A PAPER CUT!!

CLARK

MR. WHYTE-BADGER SAYS HE DOESN'T WANT SUPERMAN STORIES ANYMORE! HE CUT MY SALARY, TOO!

COLIN, YOU LOOK TERRIBLE! YOU'D BETTER GO TO A DOCTOR!

I CAN'T! I'VE USED TOO MANY SICK DAYS!

MAYBE I SHOULD GO SEE MUM AND DAD. I ALWAYS FEEL BETTER AFTERWARDS.

WELL, SOMETIMES, ANYWAY...

MUM? DAD?

:TSK!: THEY DID IT AGAIN! BUT-- WHAT'S THIS?

THIS TIME THEY'VE LEFT A CLUE! A MAP-- AND AN ITINERARY FOR A FLIGHT NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE!

AND SO...

IF THOSE MAPS ARE CORRECT, I *MUST* BE NEARLY THERE!

THOSE ARE DAD'S LONG JOHNS. THIS *MUST* BE THE RIGHT ARCTIC CAVERN!

HELLO?!

IS IT THAT NICE MR. PALIN AND HIS BBC CREW AGAI--

Oh--! COLIN!

DAD?

UH, WE WEREN'T EXPECTING *YOU*, SON. WE-- DID WE TELL YOU WE WERE MOVING AGAIN?

MUST HAVE FORGOT-TEN.

SORRY. MARTHA! COLIN'S COME FOR DINNER! YOU *ARE* HUNGRY, AREN'T YOU?

RATHER! I DON'T MIND IF I DO!

ACTUALLY, IT WAS *ALL* ABOUT SOLITUDE. AS WE GET OLDER, WE WANT TO *SIMPLIFY* A BIT.

GOOD BLUBBER, MUM.

THANK YOU DEAR. *SORRY* YOU'RE UNDER THE WEATHER.

PERHAPS I SHOULD GET GOING.

SO WHY DID YOU DRIVE THE SNOWMOBILE HERE? I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T JUST-- FLY?

THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU. I CAN'T.

WHAT-EVER'S MAKING ME SICK HAS TAKEN AWAY MY POWERS.

SO YOU'RE NOT-- SUPER-MAN ANY-MORE?

COME SIT DOWN, SON... NO NEED TO RUSH OFF!

'COURSE NOT, YOU JUST *GOT* HERE! JUST THINK OF THIS AS YOUR OWN LITTLE FORTRESS. TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF.

LOOK, I'M CONFUSED. IT *MUST* HAVE COST A *FORTUNE* TO MOVE UP HERE. HOW DID YOU *AFFORD* IT?

WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY...

MUM!

WELL, IT WAS A STROKE OF *LUCK*, REALLY...

"... A RATHER STRANGE MAN STOPPED BY, OFFERING TO CART ALL OUR OLD JUNK AWAY FOR FREE....'

"WE GOT SOME OLD SCRAPS TOGETHER--

"--AND HE GOT *EXCITED* WHEN HE SAW THAT OLD *ASHTRAY* THAT WE FOUND IN YOUR ROCKET."

GLAD TO BE RID OF *THAT*, SIR!

ALWAYS MADE OUR COLIN FEEL A BIT POORLY!

DID IT? DID IT REALLY?

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. WHAT ***SORT*** OF ASHTRAY DID HE BUY?"

"I DON'T THINK YOU EVER REALLY CARED MUCH FOR IT.

"LITTLE ROUND THING...

"... PIECE OF GREEN GLASS IN THE MIDDLE."

COLIN--?

THAT'S IT! I THOUGHT THAT IT LOOKED FAMILIAR. IS THIS WHAT HE BOUGHT?

YES! WHERE DID YOU--?

IT CAN'T BE! STOAT-BAGGE!

DAD, TAKE THIS AWAY. IT'S MAKING ME SICK. TAKE IT TO THE BACK OF THE CAVE!

SON, I STILL DON'T UNDER-STAND!

YES! I'M FEELING BETTER ALREADY!

STOAT-BAGGE. HE'S BEEN PLOT-TING HIS REVENGE ALL ALONG. WELL, HE'S GOING TO BE SORRY NOW!

Oh, COLIN, YOU DON'T MEAN--

YES, MUM! SUPER-MAN IS BACK!

AND YOUR POWERS?

LET ME SEE...

Oh, COLIN, NO! NOT THE HEAT VISION-THING AGAIN!

NEXT STOP-- LONDON!

ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ENJOINED AGAINST FLYING -- OR USING ANY OF YOUR POWERS?

IF YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, THE BAT-MAN, HAD SUCCEEDED, I WOULDN'T HAVE MY POWERS.

OR MY LIFE. SO I'M PUTTING YOU ON NOTICE!

OH, DEAR, IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE HEADLINE ON TOMORROW'S PAPER?

"COLIN CLARK IS SUPERMAN"?! WHAT IS THIS RUBBISH?

OH, OF COURSE... NOW YOU'LL DENY IT.

SHALL WE CUT THROUGH ALL THE "PLAYING DUMB"?

SEND HER IN.

THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME, WHYTE-BADGER.

HELLO, COLIN.

"COLIN"?

LOUISA?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHYTE-BADGER?

NO NEED FOR THE CHARADE, SUPER-MAN.

LOUISA HERE'S BEEN WORKING FOR ME FOR QUITE SOME TIME.

STARTED AS A PAGE THREE GIRL, FUNNILY ENOUGH, THEN I FOUND OUT SHE HAD A TALENT FOR DECEP-TION.

B-BUT HOW--?

IT WASN'T DIFFICULT. AFTER KATE THOMPSON POURS A GLASS OF '99 BOURGEOISIE ALL OVER COLIN, AND SUPERMAN TURNS UP SMELLING OF '99 BOURGEOISIE.

I STILL DIDN'T BELIEVE IT... UNTIL YOU LOST CONTROL DURING THE CRICKET MATCH.

SORRY, DEAR.

STOAT-BAGGE FIGURED IT OUT AS WELL, SO WE DECIDED TO WORK TOGETHER.

PITY. IT WAS ALMOST TIME TO START "RE-HABILITATING" YOU.

YOU MIGHT HAVE SOLD A LOT OF PAPERS ON YOUR RETURN TO PROMINENCE.

BUT NOW, YOU MUST FACE THE ONE FOE THAT EVEN THE MIGHTY SUPERMAN IS POWERLESS AGAINST.

BAD PRESS.

SEND IN... THE BAT-MAN!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? LITTLE GREEN ROCKS?

DON'T BE NAÏVE, SUPERMAN. THEY'RE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THEY LOOK!

=GASP!=

THAT'S RIGHT, SUPER-MAN... BEWARE !!

BEWARE THE AGENTS OF THE INLAND REVENUE!

DO YOU FEAR THEIR PAPERWORK, MAN OF STEEL? DO YOU KNOW TERROR AT WHAT THEIR BASE CALCULATIONS MEAN?!

"AFTER YOU DONATED THOSE DIAMONDS TO THE TREASURY, OUR PEOPLE GOT TO WORK...

"...ANALYZING CHARTS, SCHEDULES, TABLES... UNTIL WE CAME UP WITH AN UNMISTAK-ABLE CONCLUSION..."

...YOU MUST PAY TAXES ON THE TOTAL VALUE OF THE DIAMONDS THAT YOU LATER DONATED TO THE GOVERN-MENT!

MWOOOOHAHAHA!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU OWE BILLIONS!

BUT I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY!

HOW SAD.

BUT WEREN'T DIAMONDS DEVALUED!?

NOT WHEN THEY CAME INTO YOUR POSSESSION. SECTION 784 PARAGRAPH 767! HA!!

AND IF YOU TRY TO DIG UP GOLD ON THE MOON, OR JEWELS ON JUPITER--

--WE'LL KNOW YOU VIOLATED A COURT ORDER!

TOUGH LUCK, SUPER-MAN. LET YOURSELF OUT--THROUGH THE DOOR, PLEASE, NOT THE WINDOW!

SUPERMAN--COLIN--I HEARD ABOUT EVERY-THING. WHAT WILL YOU DO?

SORRY, JIMMY. I WISH I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU MYSELF. I'M AFRAID I'M CONTEM-PLATING...

...BANKRUPTCY!

=GASP= SUPER-MAN! NO!!

I HAVE NO CHOICE. I CAN'T POSSIBLY COME UP WITH THE MONEY FOR MY TAX BILL.

THE TABLOIDS ARE CALLING FOR ME TO LEAVE BRITAIN FOREVER!

WHYTE-BADGER IS ABOUT TO SELL MILLIONS OF PAPERS BY TELLING THE WORLD THAT I'M ACTUALLY COLIN CLARK. WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? HE AND STOAT-BAGGE HAVE WON.

WAIT A MINUTE! IF YOU GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED--THEY MIGHT FIND OUT THEY DIDN'T REALLY WANT IT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

SUPERMAN GO AWAY!

TRAFALGAR SQUARE. 3:30 P.M.

HOW MUCH LONGER?

SHOULD BE STARTING ANY TIME.

LOOK AT ALL THESE PEOPLE!

AND IT'S GOING OUT OVER LIVE TELE-VISION!

HOW DID YOU GET SO MANY HERE SO QUICKLY?

I JUST TOLD A COUPLE OF COLLEAGUES THAT LOUISA WAS DOING A PAGE THREE *PHOTOSHOOT* OUT HERE.

SORRY, BUT THERE'S *NO* PAGE THREE PHOTO SHOOT HERE!

LOUDER!

BUT THEY'LL BE HOSTILE! I'M NOT LOUISA *AND* I HAVE MY SHIRT ON!

IT WAS THE FASTEST WAY TO DRAW A CROWD-- AND THE CHEAP-EST-- TWO PHONE CALLS AND AN E-MAIL!

WHAT'S GOING ON?!

THAT'S NOT HER!

LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN, I'M COLIN CLARK OF THE DAILY SMEAR!

BOO HISSS

WE CAN'T SEE!!

FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T *HEAR* ME, I'LL SPEAK A LITTLE *LOUDER*. AND FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T *SEE* ME--

--PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU?!

I HAVE A COUPLE OF ANNOUNCE-MENTS.

AND SO IT'S NOT A TOTAL DISAPPOINT-MENT, I WILL--

--TAKE MY TOP OFF!!

LOOK AT THAT!

HE'S A REPORTER--JUST LIKE US!!

NO REASON YOU SHOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE MORNING PAPERS. I AM SUPERMAN!

I'VE SEEN THE PRESS LIE, DISTORT AND INVENT TO COME UP WITH A FICTION THAT THEY THINK WILL SELL MORE NEWS-PAPERS.

THE HUMAN COST DOESN'T MATTER.

LIVING AMONG YOU AS COLIN CLARK--

--I'VE EXPERIENCED THE DEPTHS TO WHICH THE TABLOIDS CAN SINK.

WHAT THE--?

HE'S GOT NO WIRES!

HE'S FLYING!

PEOPLE ARE ONLY THERE FOR THEIR STORIES TO BE TWISTED INTO MORBID, SENSA-TIONAL FODDER FOR OUR PRURIENT INTERESTS.

WHEN I WORKED FOR PEREGRINE WHYTE-BADGER, I WAS ORDERED TO MAKE UP STORIES TO APPEAL TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMI-NATOR.

WHY DO I SUDDENLY FIND HIM VERY APPEAL-ING?

BUT THERE ARE SOME GOOD, DECENT JOURNAL-ISTS IN BRITAIN, HIDDEN AMONGST THE TABLOIDS LIKE GOOD APPLES!

THEY REPRESENT THE LAST, BEST HOPE OF THE BRITISH PRESS!

I'LL START PACKING AGAIN, MARTHA.

BUT THEY NEED TO STAND UP TO THE RICH AND POWERFUL, WHO ARE OUT TO EXPAND THEIR MEDIA EMPIRES AT ANY COST!

OWNERS WHO ABUSE THEIR POWER TO LINE THEIR POCKETS--

--AND ARE HAPPY TO CLIMB IN BED WITH CORRUPT POLITICIANS LIKE LORD BAT-MAN!

STOAT-BAGGE, YOU IDIOT! I'LL SUE!

I'LL TELL YOU ALL A SECRET. THE OWNERS OF THE TABLOIDS THINK YOU'RE ALL STUPID!

BUT I DON'T THINK SO. AND YOU CAN LET THEM KNOW YOU'RE NOT!

OF COURSE THEY ARE, CLARK! YOU MORON! YOU'LL SEE!

I CHALLENGE YOU, MR. AND MRS. BRITAIN!

STOP BUYING THAT RUBBISH AND STOP SUPPORTING THEIR ADVER-TISERS!

IT'S ALL ABOUT MONEY! IF THEY MADE MORE MONEY WITH THE TRUTH THAN LIES--YOU'D GET THE TRUTH!

REMEMBER: THEY WON'T PRINT IT IF YOU DON'T BUY IT!!

COME ON-- ARE YOU WITH ME?!

EXCUSE ME, SUPER-MAN. WHERE DO YOUR PARENTS LIVE?

IN A SECURE, UNDEFROSTED --UNDISCLOSED --LOCATION.

WHAT DO THEY THINK ABOUT YOUR DECISION TO GO PUBLIC?

UH-OH.

ARE YOU DATING ANYONE?

BRIAN

BRIANS WIFE

THAT'S NOT REALLY RELEVANT--

WHAT?

ARE YOU SECRETLY LIVING WITH ELIZABETH TURLEY?

ANSWER THE QUESTION!

Ummm... Uh... SORRY, GOTTA FLY!!

LATER...

BUT COLIN, YOU CAN STAY ON HERE NOW!

DAILY SMEAR

WHYTE-BADGER IS QUITTING TO FIGHT ALL THE LAWSUITS FILED AGAINST HIM SINCE YOUR SPEECH!

THEY'RE NOT SCARED OF HIM ANYMORE! EVEN STOAT-BAGGE IS SUING HIM!

AND YOU'VE GIVEN THE LAWYERS SUCH A SHOT IN THE ARM, ALL THE ONES IN THE GOVERNMENT HAVE FORGIVEN YOUR TAX DEBT!

THAT'S NOT WHY I'M LEAVING.

I'VE BLOWN MY COVER.

AND SO...

BUT BEFORE I LEAVE, I HAVE A SOUVENIR FOR YOU.

YOUR COSTUME! YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE SUPER-MAN ANY-MORE?

OH, I'LL STILL BE SUPERMAN --I'VE JUST DECIDED ON SOMETHING A BIT SIMPLER.

A BIT LESS BRITISH.

GOSH!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE STAYING? LOIS COULD PUT IN A GOOD WORD--?

I'LL STICK IT OUT A BIT LONGER. STIFF UPPER LIP AND ALL, EH?

WILL YOU BE COLIN CLARK IN AMERICA?

NO... COLIN IS TOO ENGLISH. BUT I'LL KEEP CLARK.

I THOUGHT MY OTHER NAME SHOULD BE A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER'S FAMILY.

AREN'T THEY FROM KENT?

RIGHT! SO WHEN I START WORK FOR THE DAILY PLANET, I'LL BE KNOWN AS--

"--KENT CLARK!"

TELL PEREGRINE WHYTE-BADGER GOOD RIDDANCE.

MY PLEASURE, KENT! THOUGH I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM MYSELF FOR THE LAST FEW DAYS--

"--I JUST HOPE HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON!"

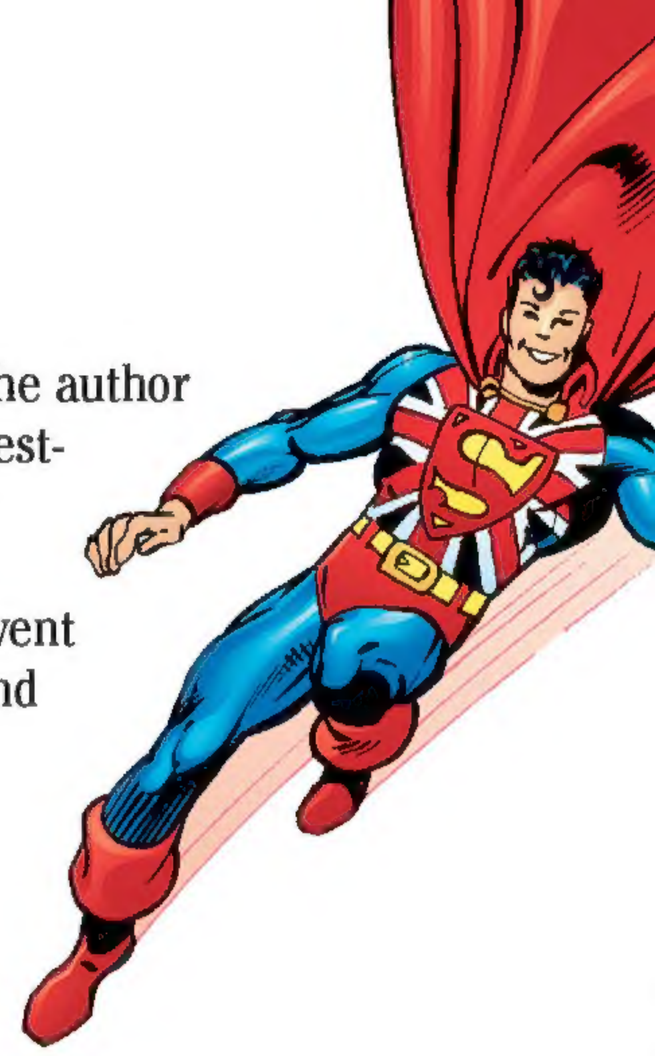
NOT TO WORRY, MARTHA --HE'LL NEVER FIND US IN AMERICA!

CONGRATULATIONS, SIR! YOU ARE NOW THE PROUD OWNER OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY STAR.

"NOT TO WORRY, JIM... I'M SURE I'LL NEVER SEE WHYTE-BADGER AGAIN. AFTER ALL...

"...I'M JUST ANOTHER IMMIGRANT... AND AMERICA'S A BIG COUNTRY!"

End



Kim "Howard" Johnson is the author of four books, including the best-selling *The First 280 Years of Monty Python,* and has also written for DC, Marvel, and Event Comics. A director, teacher, and performer, his screenplays include collaborations with Terry Jones, Jonathan Winters, and Del Close. He is currently commuting between Santa Barbara, California and Ottawa, Illinois, where he lives with his wife Laurie Bradach, who does most of the heavy lifting, and their son Morgan, who furnishes the imagination.

John Cleese is best known for his contributions to the world of comedy, through Monty Python, *Fawlty Towers,* and *A Fish Called Wanda,* but less well known is the fact that he co-authored two bestselling books on psychology, *Families and How to Survive Them,* and *Life and How to Survive It,* and also co-founded Video Arts, which was the largest producer of management and sales training films outside the United States. In his twilight years he passes his time writing film scripts, making speeches to business audiences, doing seminars on creativity, teaching at Cornell and UCSB, playing "Q" in the Bond movies, and trying to grow a decent tomato.

John Byrne was born near West Bromwich, in the county of Staffordshire, England, in 1950. As a small child he first saw "The Adventures of Superman" starring George Reeves on the BBC, and thus began a love affair with superhero comics that persists to this day. An only child, he emigrated with his parents to Canada in 1958, and lived there until 1980. In 1999 his father became Lord Rushton, a title which will some day (not soon, we hope!) come to John. He has been practising shouting "Off with their heads!" to prepare himself for this elevation.

1957 saw **Mark Farmer** born in Birmingham, England where he thought his life was pretty good till he and his wife, Anne, were blessed with their young twin daughters, Frances and Sarah. Now of course his life is even richer, though no longer his own, and he's grateful to have worked with some of the greatest artists in the comics industry, including Adam Hughes, José Luis García-López and his regular partner in crime, Alan Davis. After many years of near misses he's delighted to at last work with John Byrne. Following his football team, Aston Villa, reading books and scuba diving are occasional hobbies.

DC COMICS

FAULTY POWERS?

TRUE BRIT is a new take on the classic Superman legend, courtesy of writer **Kim "Howard" Johnson** *(Monty Python: The First 280 Years)* with help from, in his comics debut, Monty Python's **John Cleese** *(Fawlty Towers, A Fish Called Wanda)* with art by fan-favorites **John Byrne** (JLA, DOOM PATROL) and **Mark Farmer** (JLA: ANOTHER NAIL, *X-Men*).

In this veddy British tale, the Last Son of Krypton's rocketship crash-lands in an English town even smaller than Smallville, where the infant Kal-El is taken in by adoptive parents -- the Clarks -- who raise their son Colin to hide his powers, because the worst thing anyone can do is stand out from the crowd.

But when Colin grows up to become a mild-mannered reporter working for the *Daily Smear,* a powerful tabloid newspaper dedicated to uncovering the biggest story of the century, he finds that the key to his success may actually be to go public.

What will the neighbours think?

dccomics.com